

WOOD FENCE

trench
unit 3

Outer Yard



trench
unit 4

Kee MacFarlane

Play Yard
CINDER

unit (u) 3
unit 1
Classroom
unit 2

Classroom
unit 1
**PETER
SOTOS**

Classroom 2



Kee MacFarlane

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Intimacy Coordinator: Chip Smith

KEE MACFARLANE

PETER
SOTOS



Kee MacFarlane

What he wanted wasn't this. Started with a tragedy, a cheap word for me to select but his preference, and the fault became his. Not that he, like any other schmuck, knew what he was doing back then or taking instructions for. What he wanted was never an option, never clear.

I want to see what he said he moved in fuller retrospect and how he accepts he ruined it. So much worse for me to stick my dick through that hole when I didn't make it. And to have the insulting temerity and timidity to guess at what he hoped to suck instead. All that tinnitus around his crushing head and that crybaby face with his slimy stupid mouth all opened up wider and wider to swallow. Close and ready choose and says that's enough for right now. I can't take any more of you. Go back to the end of the line and someone else can deal with you because I simply have to shut shop for a little while. I didn't ask for any of this. He started cribbing at a hard point. The facts he allowed others to attach his name to, because he caught a cause, I think the cow knew it, absolutely; would have been

explained as politics and political thought and populist methodology if not a shortcut necessary to cited goal and pighead accomplishment or, better for my cock slobbering too, as a need to lease what was happening forward and unknown and untried and yet solid in what could be less divisive and destructive than what falls from the sky hurtfully and was, now sensibly, going to have to continue in just exactly the same righted way.

How could this matter anymore. Had the pinched contorted hatred to look at all of you and demand: What could be worse by degrees than this now. You shouldn't be here. Look at what you've done.

He was talking to the general and he'd have to form them into groups for his own sake. And the criminals as one segment didn't even begin to concern him. All that pure shit he spouted from came in his asshole and upped out from his red faced maw to dripping out of his hung yap. Was disgust, legitimately, for the ones that listened to it. Donated.

I'll have to give a fuck. I've got some statistics here that I can place right here and right here is where you'll find the dictum that, if you look slower than most other murks, will gift lies. And convenience. And more direct. And now compounded spite.

I don't know how stupid I am. Why would I know how stupid you are. Passed putting you measly

plugs behind me to fantastically parcel out what I'm saying to all the others that this should not have happened to me.

I don't believe you love your daughter the way you said. I don't believe you love her more now though, let's be frank, that's what we're trying to do for you. Maybe that works. Comes across to a segment. Small stall though, yeah? Cold comfort. Maybe that's what love is. Maybe that impossibility about not lying and not positioning and having enough to cram it as is expected first works in the scheming it takes to know what love and servitude is. I'm guessing here again. So you take pretense and track deception and pick a bleed, hopefully, before the exploding facts get too loud for the crowds.

You easy mark. I haven't had enough of you yet. Can you repeat how pitiful that makes the both of us. I'm as sick of talking about the mythical audiences as you are from hearing me bang on. The inabilities to connect change. To aim through to the end of the story is the job of salesmen, not artists. The repurposed critique reduced even further, even less dramatically, and therefore untrusted from the bad offer off: "No longer than I have to" says it. The best art is the rarity that sits hidden in corners. The artist that doesn't look to give anyone a chance to see needful change without knowing how need destroys change.

The biography of Polly Klaas is, as was destined, a trademark. There's a new book on her being readied and certainly available by now. Once again, "America's child" is included in the title and blurbing. Since her life was stopped and her true crime subject phase ended shortly thereafter, her life's work has been lavishly sectioned in volumes of law books and footnotes within legal thought and court case arguments. Her biography isn't searched by cheap paperbacks but very thoroughly by expensive law reviews.

Polly's stepsisters, not raised by Polly's father, from "Their Sister's Murder Was Used to Justify Tough On Crime Laws. Now They Want to Build Her a Different Legacy" (*Elle*, as told to Madison Feller, 2/25/22):

It's difficult to describe how strange it is to be connected to this legacy of mass incarceration and the pervasive injustice of three strikes, which happened as a result of the worst trauma we've experienced, and then to carry the shame and the pain of that legacy. It's been heavy for us for a really long time.

Our childhoods were spent in a painful spotlight, and part of the trauma we went through was not only enduring the loss of our sister in this violent way, but also everything that happened after. We've been part of a story that's been used in the true crime genre.

There have been so many movies and books and things that have felt exploitative to us, and there's always been this really profound disconnect between the version of Polly that you see in the news and the person that we knew. We feel protective of our memories of Polly, because we don't want them to end up being used by anyone for profit. And we don't want Polly to continue to be used as a political tool. There's something to be said for the way that we sensationalize very specific stories, but in doing so, we allow people to bypass larger realities and systems we're all a part of.

Guy walks into a bar and sits down next to some other guy who's just drinking his beer, minding his own business, sitting there quietly enjoying his time away from his job or his family or his finances. New guy orders a beer and nudges the quiet guy in the shoulder. "Hey, want to hear a rape joke?" Melancholic keeps staring in front of him, doesn't look at this idiot next to him. "Nah, Buddy, I'm good." New idiot says: "What's a'matter, you don't like rape jokes?"

A comedian walks into a bar and sits next to a guy who's quietly enjoying his beer, not bothering anyone, just drinking in public instead of his tv staring apartment. Comic orders a beer and says "hey, sorry to disturb you but would you like to hear a quick rape joke?" Reasonably open fella thinks

"Fuck off, will you?" But instead says "ok, buddy, tell me your rape joke." Comedian thinks "the fuck is wrong with you?" But slurs "Great, but first let me explain why you'll find this funny but, really, we both know you, or we, shouldn't, I mean, right?"

Vanessa Place's artwork rarely, if ever, gets released without a mention of her job as an appeal lawyer representing indigent sex offenders. At first blush, this information can seem to be her, or her helpful friends', best effort at separating her high callings from a merchandising provocateur over to brave and informed. She offers artist statements and explains that she is a conceptual artist. Too, a poet. Performance artist. Writer. Branding is always an issue. Might be more necessary here though—the unbelievers that haven't been following her work or are new to the soap opera may need to be muzzled before they react as usual. Just a shy bit of information to introduce you to the ways you're eager to get wrong. Maybe she'd rather not deal, maybe she'd like to let you down easy, give of her time then too. Might let others in on the better joke. Take it more seriously.

It would be wrong to reduce the problem of this book to "taste," which might imply that Place's failure here is primarily an aesthetic one. I could say instead that the jokes are offensive, or potentially triggering—though

such characterizations don't transcend the hypothetical (to be offensive is different than to offend, after all). They certainly aren't funny. But I didn't find them especially shocking either. As I read, I was mostly annoyed; I rolled my eyes a lot. Maybe this was a refusal to give Place, a perennial provocateur, the outraged reaction she so obviously craves. Regardless, these jokes—which are, by design, meant to risk offense—will offend some readers, and cumulatively they offer no compelling insight or commentary to justify that. (Hollow Laughter: Vanessa Place's Rape Jokes, Jameson Fitzpatrick, *Art in America*, 1/14/19)

The adcopy won't actually sell the book to you. Usually. If you knew a bit more about how you got to pay attention to this thing you picked up in the first place. Who'd sell it, display it, take their cut as the targets like you could find a place that they've designed for you within wide or frighteningly narrow math. No shortage of books on the subject, certainly. Her background is essential. Her cause might be as clear as your opprobrium. Which sounds like a backhand. But because Vanessa Place, as an artist who is using her history to expand her situation rather than simply deconstructing the information for snooty post-postmodern readers to do what they misunderstand and polemicize over, she's talking explicitly about the dearth and dredges

and, your cheap-as-typical emotionalism be damned, what she's being asked, paid, and carefully employed, driven, to do. Her expertise, within the monstrous company mind that also employs show horses to parse research to form, is essentialized as an artist seeking a new language after destroying the one that failed all others. Sees how the other performers and the laws that cover victims and perps and sales and equalitarians are, if not fucking it up, then simply accomplishing less than her as well as their stated jobs within entrenched and revered jurisprudence. Explicitly, the law and your place within it. Plus. You don't get to pick sympathies. Polly's sisters explain that "Polly was made into something she really wasn't." As they redress what they've been going through. And picking a side against the man who might have owned Polly more than them. Setting him, once again, against the man that followed his daughter home and then may or may not have raped her, killed her nonetheless. The men and women become placards with added stake in their histories. Turn your head away, Fuck. They're asking for respect. There's begging and kindness.

Don't drink in bars if you don't want to talk. Don't talk if you don't want to lie.

"So, what is it you do?"

"I do legal briefs for child pornographers. I mean...

for people who've been convicted of child pornography crimes."

"It's your job to keep them in jail or get them out of jail?"

"I just do what they tell me. What my boss tells me to do. It's all language."

"Do you have to see the pictures, the evidence?"

"No. It'd be illegal. You can't see them and they can't show them. It's all descriptions. It's just legalese. I'm basically an editor. There's incredibly stringent rules and protections and safety measures for the people dealing with these issues and the victims are also protected. You'd be surprised at how complicated it all is but also how carefully and thoughtfully the process has been streamlined and scripted to keep all sides safe."

"Must be rough – does it get to you some time? All the details?"

"Not yet. I worry. But enough about me! What do you do for a living? What sort of pornography do you like?"

Or... if he bit back with there certainly must be some system of discovery that allows/forces the defense lawyers to see the images... then I'd know quicker, this being a fag bar, that I was in.

Or... "do you get to see alot of hard cocks? I mean the adults, of course."

And... "Yes, but you have to put up with alot of

wide open vaginas too. It's hard to pick and choose. And then unsee what you really shouldn't have been exposed to."

When... "Who the fuck do you think you're offering sympathy to, Queen?"

To clip Foucault to a lifeless declension: reducing history to war to battles to street fights, the poetry of Place is a prize of bad decisions. From job to passion to acceptance and then to a recounting, back again, assumptions of what could have been better to make now even better than worse. Taking that seriously requires you to stop talking unless you're cohering about yourself, impossibly. To be gracious. Dutiful. To be patient and decidedly impatient all legitimately given the strictures. Vanessa Place's poetry is as much about constriction as it is about expansion. And the spread is throttled by her understanding that her reductive audience, more so the public admirers than the intensely irritating and consequential goofs, are only looking to pinpoint health and welfare suggestions and vain so excusable wishes. If there's poetry there it's there as an airy signifier, like "respect," "magic," "capture." Can you structure the performance to anticipate the breaks within and eventually without. Answering it all, go on, select. To wit; it'd be a disaster if Vanessa Place didn't create this from that. Investigating their cases closeup, it wasn't a crime for you to cum,

you became a criminal when you misunderstood, perhaps willingly, perhaps stupidly, that you could do that in any way you wanted. This new disaster will flatten you. What you were begging for has concretized. If only.

To clip Isabelle Nicou: a secret shared isn't a secret. You have to steel your choices. They are choices, after all. And that will change.

This, then, is not a key to understanding the humble secrets of how you put your antennae up and teased your muse and opened yourself to synchronic happenstance. An author telling you there are secrets and keys there is selling you something less than what you can't understand initially. It's a carny trick. To which, I'll self-abnegatingly return later. The author of Dwaine Tinsley's first biography (the second one being Dwaine's daughter's religiously stamped and marketed account of her molestation by her father) quotes a senior partner of a prestigious law firm:

When you hear someone talk about "truth," you can be sure he is not an attorney.

And, to Vanessa Place's credit, as far as an overly engaged true crime spectator, flaneur, creep, is considerably concerned, she's the only artist/poet/author I know of that wouldn't be talking about strategy. Only, separately.

Place first argued to the panel that Dwain's conviction should be reversed because any probative value the cartoons had cast had been overwhelmed by the prejudice they spawned. The prosecution, she noted, had first justified the cartoons' admission on the grounds that they had demonstrated Dwaine's "intent" and "overall scheme." It had then claimed he had used them to induce Veronica to have sex. Finally, it had "collapsed" these two claims into the argument that they documented the Tinsley "lifestyle of incest."

But, Place said, the only intent the cartoons established was Dwaine's wish to make a living as a cartoonist. In any event, intent was not an issue. Dwaine's defense was that the events had not happened, not that they had occurred by accident—not that he had mistakenly slipped his penis between Veronica's lips. If the jury had believed her, his intent would have been established, regardless of what fantasies his cartoons expressed. If the jury had believed him, these fantasies would have been irrelevant since no crime would have occurred.

Set from foolish to sham to caring, defending, genuine, please, languages, filed as coercion. Suggestions, shorthands. Only fair to include my stains.

From *United States Court of Appeals, Seventh Circuit. United States of America, Plaintiff-Appellee, v. Mark Scott, Defendant-Appellant*, No. 17-1666 Decided: August 24, 2018:

Several courts of appeals have held that particular affidavits did not adequately link pedophilia to the collection of child pornography. *United States v. Cordero-Rosario*, 786 F.3d 64, 70–71 (1st Cir. 2015); *United States v. Falso*, 544 F.3d 110, 123 (2d Cir. 2008); *Virgin Islands v. John*, 654 F.3d 412, 419 (3d Cir. 2011); *United States v. Doyle*, 650 F.3d 460, 472 (4th Cir. 2011); *United States v. Hodson*, 543 F.3d 286, 289 (6th Cir. 2008); *Dougherty v. Covina*, 654 F.3d 892, 898–99 (9th Cir. 2011). In some of these decisions the affidavit was just ipse dixit, not connecting pedophilia to pornography. The affidavit supporting a search of Scott’s home, by contrast, included several connections—the electronic communications, the explicit pictures Scott sent to Kyle, and the request that Kyle send a sexual picture of his own. In other decisions we have cited there was a bit of evidence, but not enough; here there was more. And to be complete we must add that the Eighth Circuit has held that the link between pedophilia and child pornography is so strong that proof of one always supplies probable cause to search for the other. *United States v. Colbert*, 605 F.3d 573, 578 (8th Cir. 2010). We need not go that far to conclude that, with the benefit of great deference to the issuing judge’s decision, this search warrant is valid.

From *Child Pornography Offender Characteristics and Risk to Reoffend*, Michael C. Seto, Ph.D., C.Psych.

Royal Ottawa Health Care Group, Prepared for the United States Sentencing Commission, Draft dated February 6, 2012:

The research evidence is beginning to provide a clearer picture of online offending in terms of offender characteristics and risk to reoffend. The typical online offender is male, Caucasian, and in his 20s or 30s (Babchishin et al., 2011; Wolak, 2011). Unlike the typical contact offender, he is unlikely to have any prior criminal record, and is less likely to show evidence of antisocial or unstable behavior in the past, in terms of substance misuse, sporadic employment even though able, or undetected criminal activity. Though online offenders are more likely to exhibit signs of pedophilia than contact offenders with child victims, on average, online offenders appear to pose a lower risk of contact sexual offending because they score lower on antisocial tendencies. In other words, online offenders are likely to have a strong motivation to sexually offend against children, because of their sexual interest in children, but have more inhibitions against acting on these kinds of motivations.

From *Summaries of the Testimony of the Witnesses*, United States Sentencing Commission, Public Hearing on Federal Child Pornography Crimes, 2/15/2012, Washington, DC:

Dr. Seto explained the “counterintuitive” anomaly that one (the contact offenders) would have sexual contact with a child if they were not sexually interested in children, by stating that while sexual motivations are important, some offenders who sexually victimize children may be motivated by other factors such as opportunity, substance abuse, incest, etc. (TR 167–68). Further, he stated that the relationship between child pornography and being sexually interested in children is “robust enough” that the task force looking at psychiatric diagnostic criteria for pedophilia for the next version of the DSM is considering “persistent use of child pornography” as one of the factors to consider. (TR 169). Dr. Seto was careful to point out, however, that while there is an association between child pornography offending and pedophilia, it is not a “one-to-one” association. (TR 169–70).

Introducing the topic of child pornography offenders’ history of contact offending, Dr. Seto presented his study that reviews a total of 21 studies done by different researchers, each focused on determining contact offending histories based on official criminal records or self-reporting information. (TR 170–71). The end result, he provided, is that about “one in eight of the online offenders had an official record, [while about] one in two [in the self-report studies] admitted having committed contact sexual offense in the past.” (TR 171).

Dr. Seto asserted that these findings highlight the “discrepancy between what has happened and what is officially known,” as well as “belie the assumption that all child pornography offenders have necessarily sexually offended directly against children.” (TR 171–72). His review also identified nine studies following child pornography offenders after they have been convicted and released, which showed a 2 percent rate of contact sexual offenses and a 3.4 percent rate for new child pornography offenses. (TR 176–77). While acknowledging that there are some inherent flaws with the research leading to those percentage rates, and saying that he is “sure that the observed recidivism rates will go up with time,” Dr. Seto also said that he agrees with Dr. Abel in that new offenses will typically take place in the first five, six, seven years. (TR 177). Concluding, Dr. Seto asserted that an important takeaway from the studies is that they “contradict an assumption that necessarily child pornography offenders are a high risk to sexually reoffend, either in terms of further child pornography offending, or in terms of contact sexual offending against children.” (TR 178).

Dr. Seto also addressed the Butner Study, saying that in his analysis of the available research, that study “was a statistical outlier.” (TR 172–73). Specifically, he asserted that the study’s 85 percent value of child pornography offenders admitting to a history of contact

offending upon treatment is “unusually high compared to the other research that is available.” (TR 173). He also acknowledged a handful of the criticisms directed at the Butner Study, while simultaneously supporting the inclusion of that study in his larger review, stating that such a review has value in that “you are taking up studies that are quite diverse in terms of [...] various issues, and you are trying to . . . see the signal despite the noise in them.” (TR 174–76).

Finally, Dr. Seto briefly talked about the risk factors for sexual recidivism, as determined through a number of studies, stating that “a lot of these factors aren’t going to be a surprise to any judge who has dealt with criminal cases.” (TR 180). Because of this, he said, there is a solid base in terms of understanding the factors that predict who goes on to sexually reoffend. (TR 180–81). As for additional factors that should be considered, Dr. Seto said that the ratio of child pornography content depicting boys, relative to the content depicting girls, is “coming out as predictive of sexual recidivism.” (TR 182–83).

I could get in to these theaters, in Chicago the ticket people didn’t care. They weren’t even put off by a bunch of us all at once. Troublemakers, clearly, but then, I think now, so were the guys running the second-run house. Their problem is most of what they showed were car chase films and kung-fu crap. We’d be pretty fucked up when we went. No matter,

I'd be bored if they weren't showing sex films but my friends didn't feel the same. Took me a long time to figure out how to handle it, frankly. I think those movies were done by the time I did. I don't know if older men would follow us to the john. But cockwatchers were known to us. They'd have only shown real interest if they liked getting beat up. Or if they recognized someone like me needed a nudge.

One of the movies was a southern car movie ripoff of *Smokey and the Bandit*. And it had a girl in it that was smoking. She let someone steal her daddy's car if they bought her cigarettes. I saw her later in another movie, dressed in shorts. Fairly tarted up by her father at the same age. I remembered her. At that time, for some fond reasoning.

There were reports of men molesting boys in the restrooms of this theater?

Not that I remember. No, I've put that together years later. As one does when one wants it to be possible. The thing is that it's funny when you think about it. Because those guys wouldn't have deserved to be beaten up so badly. We'd have done serious damage that would've changed his life dramatically. But we might not even have known that he was looking for kids. As if that was some sort of drawing line. I mean, we were between fourteen and sixteen. It wouldn't have been what he was looking for

specifically or necessarily. Maybe more so because it was, after all, a movie theater. The thing is he would have deserved it, actually. Because he was, really, just a scumbag, a faggot. Didn't matter what age he was looking to pervert. This was what we did and what he probably expected, even without knowing, or wanting to fuck up his entire life from then on, and he should've known better if he hadn't been so desperate. This really was what he was looking for. Whether punishment was his kink or not. Whether or not he could have gotten himself out of his thoughts long enough to see what he wanted wasn't going to be worth it. Whether or not this was going to be what he wanted. Not a masochist. One of these deeply destroyed perfectly amiable types that was turning the idea of rape inward. Bad luck.

You'd have to wonder. Kids weren't thinking through reactions and responsibilities.

That was a large part of their appeal, I'd gather. The magazines I'd buy back then were the film magazines. When I got older, still. I'll tell you why.

No, there's a point to this? What's still bothering you?

Fleeting, I assure you. I'd been spit on before. It would have started a fight, physically, when I was a teenager as the escalation would, naturally. When the cops spat on me, I was more worried about that

not being the worst of what was coming. These men in holding cells; they didn't have the right to their dysgenic voices yet. I'd been spit on before any of them made their case, acted in kind, showed off, discussed moral values and limits. Nonsexually, I ended up with them. You'd have to argue it was something, an act from a transitive pose or a response from a dog, that they liked performing. Like the Davis bit coming, like the *Missing Megan* quote, I've said this before.

Fuck knows how you were expected to put up with these insults. The movies, the budgets. How older audiences would keep them. How little the men who went to them had to rely on, having garbage tossed out to them all the while being mocked. Told that they were getting the smallest cheats from the larger markets made just for them and their little unimportant dalliances. If you research those movies as an old nostalgic or tormented adult, you'll see that the men creating distribution networks and changing money would only snare the smallest bit of investigation into the people that they were made to sell to. There's not contempt for those people. I despise putting myself in that group. But you were trying to access something. And I can tell you what that was. So few people were doing the work that actually could've been done. I don't think those men, waiting, chewing, in the restrooms were

capable of creating more queers or fuckups. I like that, no matter how I couch it, it still sounds like a threatening possibility though. As if you don't want to be led into a life of sad stranger cocksucking and worse. Maybe it was one of those joints that keener queers knew where to share. Cheap enough for us.

You, still, unnaturally gravitated, sunk, into porn theaters.

I aged. I was allowed. I wasn't above it, finding more and better wasn't the idea.

It wasn't so bad, was it.

I despise the contempt that you couldn't disassociate from. They were basically asking you to find them repulsive. They weren't, however. Perversely. Because you could locate the sympathy well before you went in. The stench had to be familiar. That sympathy would be a product of the repugnant conditions of how they interpreted their chances. Really, the entire job, top to bottom, was repulsive. The insults came from the top down and, like most insult jokes, don't really add up to anything significant. It was, even now, just gossip. On the other hand, someone says they went to where the trucks were in NY or the piers and then talks about the freedom and acceptance that was happening there, inchoate, brave and the struggles that

emanated from their unqualified sicknesses, insists that one set the record straight. But who wants to talk to these dumb faggots pleading their uniquely flattening wherewithals. It's more irritating to find prayer there than diagnosis, sadly.

In singular modernist terms, it'd be a *Jokes for the John* book, thematically reliable, without the backpatting and pained evasive, conditioned, bookends. It'd be a bumper collection of *Sex to Sixty*. You have to review Vanessa Place. This is a compliment even in modernist confines. Not as if she's equivocally complicit in the misunderstanding and provocations but because she is, not, again, within the cartoon feminism that most of her defenders need to find her emblematic of, but because she sticks herself out. As in clear possession of her subject. It shouldn't be shocking that she exists in a situation that she can't stand outside of. Maybe, unlike her job, she doesn't need or want to make a reductive demeaning conclusion. With affect. Maybe it's not about exposure. Or, this time, her adversarial method to manipulate and win her case on others' fair or unfair terms. Most likely fair since irreligiously this time you had the rules beforehand. The funniest thing about the joke is that it's not funny. And the most pro-rape joke is actually the most anti-rape theory. To take the fun out of it, you'd have to be more of an old bore than you were

only showing. Vanessa Place has stated that she's a performance artist and that it is central to have these words come from her body. Also produced an excellent CD version of her reading the last words of executed death penalty constituents.

There's a rich history of performance artists, and other would-be agitprop painting and drawing schooled and tooling kids to women making it clear that you'll need to get shown the real brutality of this crime. Rape predicated by sex. Sex predicated by penetration. With something including the psychology of triggers and shakes and memory.

Casts a wide net. A trail of what she'd prefer you to define as rape. Which, statistically speaking, gets mited down to cunt jokes. Or nigger jokes. Or how men become niggers around hidden cunts. These little declaratives deflecting more reliably than most rapists end up giving the rape-kit doctors and cops their evidence from floor sweepings than cavity swabs and digs. Most rape jokes staying pat that the guys are not just masturbating next to the quickly stripped women.

If they were white men, they'd be all little dick jokes, yes? And white women finally got that big black dick without having to actually date, right? Polly's sisters, like Jacob Wetterling's mother, have come to believe that they need to counter the carceral creep. Statistics invariably display the racial

disparities between prison populations and penal populism alongside victim testimonies. Those left to speak for those who no longer can and shouldn't ever have been asked to encourage statisticians.

It's easier for me to feel hatred than compassion for the person who killed Polly. At the same time, I know that before there was a man who did unfathomable harm to our family, there was a boy who was hurt and abused and neglected and abandoned by the social structures that were supposed to help him. And I would rather have a system that would help and protect that child from becoming someone capable of murdering a little girl than one that only seeks to punish him after taking our sister's life.

Polly's father is more frequently cited in cases that dip a little lower in their framings. Outside of the courtroom, Vanessa Place certainly must not believe that Dwaine Tinsley wasn't above pandering:

Appellant skewers sacred cows. He attacks what he sees as hypocritical social mores, religious pretense, racial sensitivities, and sexual peccadilloes. He chronicles the ludicrous machinations in which man will engage to satisfy his sexual desires, and the breadth of those desires. More fundamentally, he rips the cloak of civility from private habits and practices, confronting man with the absurd humiliation of his most primitive functions,

and mocks that humiliation, exposing as false the pride that causes us to blanch. (His) drawings celebrate the disgusting and embrace the repugnant, reveling in the uncomfortable fact that man is, after all, only human.

Legally, however precisely, she's still perfectly proper in her argument. On behalf of the man who published his cartoons in *Hustler*. The political commentary he concocted were bitter liberal via redneck chucklers warmed to serve his editor's bloviating tastes. Ethically, it's possible that, especially within the way she writes in *The Guilt Project*, she might be more concerned with phasing her common sense instructions with her moral need to instruct exactly why her readers need to think past the common sense morality. Common sense is always a bad idea, a bad sign, frankly. Any politician knows why these people need confidence and why common sense arguments fit. I do believe, though not quite sure, it's why populist campaigns succeed. Marc Klaas keys grief to autocracy. He is constantly speaking to the parents. So not quite you, just yet. Worried, your parents are, that they might end up like him. Just here, before he blathers about the dangers of the internet and the evils of men wanting to abduct and sexually assault little girls:

That's why it is important for you to watch *Megan is Missing*. You know, there have

been numerous movies made about child victimization, made about kidnappings, most of them involve a ransom. But the reality of child victimization and abduction in the 21st Century is that it's not about ransom, it's about evil intentions, it's about sexual assault and—if you're lucky—the child will come home alive. I've learned that there are some evils that cannot be expressed in words. *Megan is Missing* takes those evils and expresses them very well in images. It's not an easy movie to watch but it's an important movie to watch. It takes a 21st Century approach to an age-old problem. Protecting our children.

Outside of the generally legitimate embarrassment for celebrity merch slingers trumping objet d'art, her dayjob must be to be blame. And she may be telling you directly about the way law is dispensed. Rudely and unjust. She may also be suggesting that the rules of law and your place within its controls make you too stupid to talk to if she remained polite. So, in Flyntian effort not to condescend, she figures it's a clever bet to bridge her provenance to the faith, farmer and family insect chorus by pissing off the students and academics who protect nobody but themselves. Guilty, badly, showy.

Patrick will never get out of the hospital, though he should. I've represented a number of sexually violent predators. Some, like Patrick,

are kept just for the sake of keeping, the 'better safe than sorry' set. Some make me shrug and say I'm glad I'm not on that jury. And some are proof of the wisdom of involuntary civil commitment—if I could believe in the wisdom of involuntary civil commitment. But I can't. It appeals to the desire to shove nightmares into the closet and bolt the door, but suffers from a nagging absence of intellectual rigor. To sign on to SVP commitment would be to feign belief in a science that doesn't yet exist in hopes of a solution that is too cynical for me. I still think actions should be punished, but if their monstrosity is grounds for caging them in perpetuity, then their monstrosity should be measured in human terms. It should be done clinically and very currently, with the ability to recognize that most statistical deviation—the monster who becomes a man.

I'd rather not have to explain this. More difficult to say that this is not rape than it is to say everything is rape and the response shouldn't be, but must be, contemporaneously feminist. It will protect the feminine from the back on up. Everything you want to put into that word has to include everything that could have happened. Including the stragglers who either deserve their dose of sympathy by way of loneliest inclusion or their illegitimate sense of justice as personal. Wait, before we define rape, let's define justice. It would be rude to go down the

degrees, one worries again. Fuck, we have to define hurt too.

There's nothing here that's going to change your mind, after all, is there? Everything you've been doing isn't a joke, is it? Or might not as well be. Seeing it that way – that the beasts that've tried to hurt you – just amounts to a lousy and lazy catalog of jokes. A real way to help you, finally. Push a pin into their cruelty if that importantly helps you heal. You might not be aware that your therapy also hurts others connectively. Never mind the actual missionary campaigning. Shrapnel off all the ones that do, in fact, deserve it.

Then again, are you so decrepit that you'll have to qualify the littler lessons you'll hope to remember always after letting yourself slip to leveled. Are you still being a target? Looking for one?

You will still end up with the blank stare from the young man, pity, who didn't grasp anything he did. Forgot we weren't talking about you, didn't you?

Sounds churlish to match the rape jokes in the book, largely one-liners and groaners, to the hard sell of affordable movies. However, if the idea is to discuss either intent or content, palaver or insinuation or genuine guffaws that prove the fluidity and deep aesthetic space of fronts and grovels, rather than context and private definitions, then I can't see why I shouldn't bother.

Only picked those directly about rape. No one is promoting rape, Madam.

The idea sells itself!

The jokes are a collection of broods. The victims are all the same as defined.

There's a gender there, isn't there, to them?

Thank fuck.

It's all in the telling.

No bad jokes. Just bad audiences.

Pete Walker does a full length movie about his past but doesn't tell you. He used to run a mailorder business for 8MM films in the UK in the burgeoning days of porn sales.

What exactly do we have to do?

Depends how badly you need the money.

What exactly is this film?

Just a little short.

As a collection of punchlines, the jokes become men again. As guys, as trusted to be better than this, they're useless.

Trust? Whose fucking fault is that?

The slime slithering jokes at you is letting you know what he's offering.

The girls wouldn't understand anyway.

Now aim over the heads of the rightwing retards who heard them when too close to shore. The joke is always on someone who doesn't get it. The reason their betters appreciate the ironies just enough to be

correct about the deplorables' self-hatred. Too blasé to be hatred, these dick tossers, let's work together to turn it outward from inward.

There's a revolting tendency among comics to pretend that they're doing something more than merriment. And the technique they use is to talk about the latest news as if they've researched the complications of the details so that they can slide in their opinions, never more than liberal trad or shocking from a grovelers' pose, and, before or at the point where the conversation or the anecdote could become more difficult, they'll run for the punchline. But. As if to let it hang and resonate. You'll get your rub and they'll get their bravery card and you'll all be in on the existentially rotating joke.

Gervais and Seinfeld are talking about their craft and employment, Ricky tells the funny that he thinks is "really interesting":

A holocaust survivor goes to heaven and meets God and tells God a holocaust joke. God says "that's not funny." And he says "yeah, well, I guess you had to be there."

Vanessa Place ends her book with that punchline slapped on a rape joke.

Seinfeld says "Isn't that amazing?"

Gervais agrees because Seinfeld gets it and says "it's so layered and philosophical."

Alexandria Heller-Nicholas promoting her book on Rape-Revenge films in an interview with Zack Long:

The big thing I get with the rape-revenge book is this funny expression that comes over people's faces which is "what happened to you to make you write about this stuff?" To their credit, no one has ever asked, but in 2019 I remember reading Jennifer Kent responding to some of the more vitriolic responses she got to the representation of sexual violence in *The Nightingale* and her saying something along the lines that it's hugely presumptuous of people to assume things about Kent's own background on this front – I think that's really interesting (and in Kent's defense, I'll also add she has been very insistent on *The Nightingale* not being a rape-revenge film: I bring this up about the question of rape and women's authorship more generally, not, for the record, that I think *The Nightingale* is a 'rape-revenge film' per se!). The latest project I've been working on has been revisiting my work on rape-revenge to mark the 10 year anniversary of that first book, and I have a real emphasis in this new project on women-directed rape revenge films; I also make a note of highlighting the fact that some on-the-record sexual assault survivors have made these films, so despite the entire category being so reductively treated on the whole, there's a whole lot of stuff going on here – still

going on here – that I personally feel has yet to be really seriously addressed.

Heller-Nicholas' book is another collection of rape titters. But this time with added OCD since it's also serving as a survey of genre theory. Still manages to miss *Apartment 403* in her chapter on films made by—and staring—rape victims and *Megan Is Missing* is left to her other book on "Found Footage" but she's clear that it's beyond her ken to include every movie that has both the rape and the revenge solution. The best gutpunchers come when she's writing to rape victims directly among the audience, placating unvoiced rape victims, valorizing the strength of confession and confrontation for those rape victims whose stories need to be told boldly and freshly and brutally. Pratfalls to echo the lessons she must pretend the teenage blu-ray collecting boys hadn't heard yet:

Both this ending and its extreme and excessive depictions of sexual violence expose *Chaos*' indifference to the central themes of *The Last House on the Left*. Although eventually connected to the broader thematic intent is undeniable. In *Chaos*, however, because the conclusion does not aim to provide any concrete message beyond a simplistic "the world is full of bad people" message, the function of violence also changes. It is precisely because of this that its revolting scenes of rape and torture are

exposed as little more than manifestations of a creatively challenged and regressive adolescent mind. In particular, the scene where one of the victims' nipples is cut off and she is forced to eat it is juvenile, misogynistic and disgusting in equal measure. As Eric Somers notes, the DVD extras to the film feature DeFalco referring to himself on numerous occasions as "the director of the most brutal film of all time" thus showing he was propelled more by "bad-ass" posturing than a desire to present a deep or complex social critique.

Went from rube to shill. Learned my lesson. Should be grateful. All these decades later, it's easier to say than we would have guessed looking at the progress instead of deterioration. Those who'd not exist if it weren't for denying it to me would neither want to see it or read it as expansive as I conveniently intend to mask the attendant but not central depletions and sickness. Elenora Brown played twelve years old while being twelve years old. Unlike the other old movies I'm referring to, her first acting job was significant in *La Ciociara* well past the sale of her costar Sophia Loren winning over the moneychangers in Hollywood or assisting in creating another tragedy of war drama. Decades later the story was stripped and remade as a porn film; the ages and relationships had to be changed dramatically. The Italian director compensated by

making the male actors much older and withered. Something of a specialty of his studio anyway.

My work is mainly based on the construction of eroticism through a narrative structure. This philosophy is not appreciated by the new generations who do not know eroticism, so my movies are dedicated to people of mature age and a demanding audience, a small niche that still includes several fans of the genre.

From a young age I was a great lover of cinema and some important Italian directors influenced my professional formation. Vittorio de Sica, author of the first film version of the novel *La Ciociara*, written by Alberto Moravia, was my mentor and inspired the realization of my work.

First of all, I read Alberto Moravia's novel many times, trying to forget the cinematographic versions of Vittorio De Sica and Dino Risi. My movie imagines that Alberto Moravia was a direct protagonist of the story with his wife Elsa Morante (and this is not to be excluded even in reality) and the plot develops during the writing of the novel. Let's not forget that Alberto Moravia often explored the themes of sexuality, social alienation, and existentialism in his works, so it wasn't difficult to build erotic emotions on his novel.

Casting is one of the most difficult steps in making my movies. Until the 1990s it was

possible to find motivated actors and actresses who viewed porn as a profession. Many of them were willing to learn scripts, be directed to the set and learn the art of acting. Today the porn actresses (not all) arrive on set looking at the clock to try to do everything in the shortest possible time. This happens because for many of them (not all), porn is only useful to promote the job of escort, much more economically advantageous. Many porn actors (not all) achieve an erection using Caverjet injections or by ingesting massive doses of Viagra or Kamagra. Possessed by the effect of the drugs they work without expression and with a limited time erection. Furthermore, today's actors and actresses are no longer used to being handled by a director on set. In the age of the internet, the professional figure of the director is no longer necessary in porn because it has been replaced by cameramen who have learned how to film five or six pornographic positions and some stupid comedy introductions, such as the student who seduces the teacher, the stepdaughter, the godfather, mother, daughter's boyfriend, etc. So the selection of my cast is very difficult and limited and to give credibility to the story of the movies I am forced to use many actors and actresses from the cinema and traditional theater.

All my movies are politically incorrect and create controversy but *La Ciociara* has exceeded all expectations. As everyone will be

able to see from the documentary *La Ciociara* that your website can offer free for viewing [see above], the scandal in Italy was enormous, and it is incredible that it started even before the release of the movie. Senator Maria Spilabotte has even brought the controversy to the senate of the republic and all the Italian neo-fascist movements have moved to execute Mario Salieri. Of course, this only favored the promotion of the movie which became a blockbuster in Europe.

The movie *La Ciociara* took about three months of preparation (synopsis, script, casting, identification of locations, costumes and vintage vehicles) ten days of production and about a month for editing, dubbing and original soundtrack.

The hardest part was making a believable story in just ten days of production, changing sets very often. In reality, considering the various set changes that sometimes required trips of hundreds of kilometers, the production days would have been six or seven, which are very few to make 201 minutes of movie with this quality.

In the final part of the movie (third part) me and the two leading actresses of the movie go to offer tribute to the monument of the Ciociara mother in Castro dei Volsci, built to pay homage to all the women raped and

killed in Ciociaria with the arrival of the allied troops in May 1944. That was a very emotional moment.

Why did you have to kill her? Couldn't you have let her live after you got what you wanted, you pathetic piece of garbage?

What? And let her live with all that trauma? I'm not a complete animal, you know.

I watched Adam Parfrey confuse a great portion of his social media audience and spark them to anger. Adam had been posting about Trump's ridiculous character and transparently soapy plans for turning, basically, american laws and rhetoric towards a more efficient peon culture. As a publisher of books commonly but lazily referred to as conspiracy theories but, mostly, researching and releasing nonfiction books about lesser-known and mainstream-ideologically unpopular works, Adam had run afoul of those impressionable ginzos that misunderstood his desire to uncover the truths and failures behind the louders and richers that used rhetoric to mask and obfuscate their plans to manipulate suckers. Turned out, it wasn't only the uninformed boneheads who wanted to join the Process church after Adam published a couple books explaining that the Process was a simple Ponzi scheme. Or the rocks that bought his books

on fantasist autocrats and grubbing artists sinking into themselves as, say, perverts with a sad bent towards power schemes and money grabs and tucks. There were those that guessed that Adam somehow insidiously, somewhat subversively, was showing them how to follow greasy leads. Missed the ghettos for the governments. Since Adam sadly died before the whole Trump Kardashian level of extreme bad taste became the cartoon that allows loudmouths to hold fast, confirming ecce everything Adam had been barking back at, the readers of his books and admirers of his hard work had to be content with just knowing quietly that Adam would have been better off continuing his trawl and wishing he'd stayed off the new(er) commercial necessities. Quietly. Sort of. Less common. Plus, otherwise, you'd have to act like you gave a fuck about halfwit half-opinions and the lunks that live their kids next to 'em.

Adam, like Vanessa, may well have thought the friendly fire came with the plan. And that you got the real, the best, laugh from letting the groups split into factions to unmask their truer to vapid to thrashing selves. Adults cloying for acknowledgment. The hurt that can't shift succor correctly. The whites letting the white side down and the not left enough hippies. Pete Townshend said the real history of The Who was in the bootlegs. Knowing that the Rolling Stones tried to work up a new version

of “Cocksucker Blues” in Woodstock for their *Some Girls* tour is important. However, generally, it’s best to leave the sales talk to the periphery. Few artists can establish a perfect monograph from the whole of their years without appeasing or attracting twats. A highly selective sample from only two of a great many more:

From “A Conversation with Adam Parfrey, Author of ‘Ritual America: Secret Brotherhoods and Their Influence on America, A Visual Guide,’” Byron Kerman, 10/17/12, *St. Louis Magazine*:

What is so fascinating about Freemasonry?

My interest came about in different levels and at different times. I got interested in it as a kid, and then about 15 years ago, I really started researching the subject. Then Dan Brown came out with his books, and after that there was a motherload of reprints of books about Freemasonry, so I put off my book. Then later on I saw an encyclopedia from 1899 or 1902 or something like that, that showed how many orders there were in this country, and how one in every three Americans were involved in a secret society. It was so common. The big secret is that there is no secret. But people have ignored and forgotten how common it was. I wanted to bring that back, that this was America, and to explore how it influenced America so much.

Feral House was famously sued a while back over a book alleging a cover-up in the Oklahoma City bombing.

That was settled. I didn't have the money to fight a legal battle with that guy. He was the deputy chief of the FBI. At the time I did not have legal insurance. I certainly do now. I was not supported by the ACLU or PEN. The only people who wanted to support me were some extreme right wingers trying to oppose Bill Clinton, and I didn't want to get into bed with them. The author, with the help of those right-wingers, wound up going all the way to the Supreme Court to get the charges dismissed. The book got some very good reviews. It has a lot of different material from good investigations in Texas and Oklahoma, from local investigators. The things that were discovered were pretty remarkable, and it didn't look that great for the FBI. I think they would have ignored the book if it were being ignored by others, but it was starting to embarrass them.

And.

In the new book, you have some info and images of our Veiled Prophet here in St. Louis.

I first heard about it a couple decades ago, and I remember seeing an image from the parade— it's so freaky. I was really curious about how that came about. I read a book about it called *Unveiling the Prophet*, and that was fun, I was totally into it.

Supposedly the *Veiled Prophet* itself began as a direct reference to the KKK.

I wouldn't be surprised. Masonic orders are Protestant, and Albert Pike, who was presumably also involved with the creation of the KKK, was the main man behind Scottish Rite Freemasonry. He ran a newspaper called the *Memphis Daily Appeal*, which became the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, and he put out a lot of pro-slavery stuff in the newspaper. There's a statue of him in Washington, D.C., too.

From "Gone With the Wind tweeter says she is being shunned by US arts institutions," Edward Helmore, *The Guardian*, 6/25/15:

Earlier this year, Place was dropped from the Berkeley poetry conference celebrating the 50th year of the free speech movement on campus. She was disinvited from the annual Association of Writers and Writing Programs conference after it received a petition accusing Place's project of re-inscribing the racism "in the flesh of every descendant of slaves" and of furthering "her career on the backs of Black ancestors—the hands that filled the master's pockets now fill hers."

In New York last week after the readings were cancelled, Place said she had been shunned by institutions representing the literary, academic and now art worlds.

“It’s a trifecta. Each are entities where discourse is supposed to freely take place yet each has failed to support it.” Such institutions, she continued, “only stand up for free speech in theory. They’re all for it – so long as they don’t get hurt or lose any money.”

Svetlana Mintcheva of the National Coalition Against Censorship says the cancellations fit a pattern of “disturbing unpreparedness on the part of cultural institutions to manage controversy and dissenting positions – especially when the controversy comes from within the echo chamber of the liberal left that we all reside in and is supported by active social media action, which can give the appearance of a mass action even when it is not, in fact, such.”

So was the Whitney pressured? Clark says no. The Mongrel Coalition, an anonymous pressure group which has in the past taken a position against Place’s appropriation of *Gone With the Wind*, says it didn’t protest to the Whitney.

But its objections remain: “Practitioners of conceptual poetry have, time and again, leveraged their privilege to pass lazy and instigative racial language off as ‘art,’ intellectualizing its method to protect and insulate themselves from black criticism,” the group said in a statement. Place’s project, it continues, “is about historical, systematic anti-black representations being replicated and valorized as art—and to repeat the refrain of Ferguson protesters—we’re sick of it.”

“Margaret Mitchell created an educational fund at Moorhouse College and was very much concerned with African Americans,” says estate lawyer Rick Kurnit. “But the book is what it is. It stands on its own as a literary work for when it was written. It’s hard to see how anyone would care to read it in the form of tweets.”

Since Place began the project – she has three chapters left to tweet – its purpose has evolved, she explains. It’s her position that society, partly through social media, has become inured to any genuine sense of outrage and has instead become organized around “likes” and “preferences” that are often insincere, inauthentic and used primarily to organize society into orderly, unthreatening consumer groups. “It’s not like the political correctness of the 90s,” she says. “It’s not about what you say or think, it just matters what it looks like you might be saying or thinking.” With her *Gone With the Wind* project, Place claims, “people saw the picture, thought ‘that’s racist’, and signed the petition.

“So you end up with a culture that can literally only react to an image, doesn’t have critical capacity and doesn’t care to have it.”

And.

She expresses admiration for Hitler’s favorite film-maker Leni Riefenstahl. “I think she was one of the great artists of the 20th century because she put politics into art. But nobody

wants to talk about her because of the political ramifications.”

And.

“I see art that’s sanitized, art that’s precious, art that’s playing safe, art for the market. People say they want transgression, that they’re looking for the radical edge, but I’m not so sure. There’s a certain amount of cruelty in what I do. There has to be. You have to touch nerves, otherwise it’s just entertainment.”

I’d been to a creep meeting a few decades before this, I’d been poring through every book on Austin Spare and the Golden Dawn that I could get my hands on after lighting that Kenneth Anger made better films than Andrew Loog Oldham and William Friedkin. Still couldn’t quite figure out why Jimmy Page let Robert Plant mouth off so much about porch monkeys and ass. Think intuiting that Iggy Pop and Alex Harvey dug deeper than Black Sabbath might have had something to do with it as well. Thought hippies were too silly to take seriously since rape was sexier than love. Long story short, I’d fucked off after the demons to angels to angles conflagration because, even at that tender learning yearning age, I’d gotten quick sick of all the faggots sitting around the tables talking about ganymede and rituals to accessible spheres and ticked them off

as pigs that wanted to suck on my cock. Doing me a favor. Like the sweaty men who wouldn't let me watch porn loops in the booths of the porn shops I kept going to. The joke being that you'd let those old men lick and swallow since you'd be siphoning my highly correct and justified disgust of them and their begging tonguing level.

The allowed to rot structures that were there when I was old enough to go had a reason to exist not explicitly past the chances for the predators but likely. You'd have to assume that the abaseds and dicklickers might've suggested helpful encouragement after Sturman started hammering nails. Either way, I was dumb enough to let the old men and closeted watch while I looked for a scene to change. The adolescents like myself thought that the primed tight cabins were originally made so that men could masturbate in them. Then discovered that queer sickness oozed along the floors. For the fee at the door and for the sales of the films, this was a clearly consumerist service with a capitalist undercarriage. Point being that the filmed and interviewed and marching newspaper copy were fooled. It wasn't a freedom they were looking for. Acceptance for mental health drops requires a help that they don't know they need first. This is still repeated in most porn studies classes and books that prize the liberal struggles and civil rights lessons they carried

wholesale from their war and peace history classes. A kind warning rule, any porn study that doesn't start and stop at *Mona* is a verbose scam concocted by faux academics worrying, or worse, fooled, about jobs for little money but enough placement security to turn narrative boredom into denial. Buttressed by the mob, same as all. It'll all go deservedly rank soon enough. Slow at Mekas and Wiseman, no Jack Smith, skip straight forward to Greenaway's depreciation of Griffith.

There's no real motivation in Richard Allen Davis. Why do you want to understand him. He isn't difficult to ignore. As simple as the diegesis. A drunken burglar. Lousy end. You got the joke, all the same jokes. Go on. In 2016, in San Quentin, he overdosed on opiates drugged in front of a toilet. Not a suicide or murder attempt by those stories of other cons despising child molesters to psychosis. Just his time.

During one phone call on Oct. 23, 2016, less than two months after his confession, Heinrich told his brother that ever since he confessed to the 1989 abduction and killing of Wetterling, "I'm being treated by some people totally different than I used to be" and that many people were angry that he was charged with child pornography, not murder. "But that's the deal I made," Heinrich said. "I didn't have to confess to this because they didn't have shit on

me as far as Wetterling goes until I confessed. So, they never would have known who if I wouldn't have said anything." Danny Heinrich said he "was a monster back then, but I stopped."

"I haven't had no sexual contact with anybody, David, since that night," he said. "With nobody." When he got home that night, Heinrich said, he cried and said, "my god, what have I done."

"I don't know what went wrong. Everything went wrong," he said. In the conversations with his brother, Heinrich complained about boredom in jail and asked about his cat. He worried about how long he might be in prison and how old he'll be when he gets out.

Heinrich is serving a 20-year sentence at a federal prison in Ayer, Mass. He's scheduled to be released in 2033, when he's 70.

Heinrich talked about authorities blaming him for a series of sexual assaults in Paynesville in the late 1980s. Heinrich said he "was involved in a couple, but not all of 'em because I, I know what I did and what I didn't do."

A rube isn't an innocent. Some thing that doesn't get the game yet. The rube is the one that thinks it knows what's going on. Arrogance sets him up. Most probably the one that will tell you what was going on while you kept your experiences to your self and refused to help, educate it. Rube gets liminal and you get animal. I knew that while I was there that my hatred for the farmed and farmers wasn't properly

defined because I didn't, honestly, hate them. I didn't care enough to. But then, I didn't care enough to imagine my place there as sufficiently brute either. My best recollection could be that I knew what was being asked of me. At this whole world joint that was constructed for sex with men, that you didn't have to talk to, convince, date, respect, admire, transfer, unify, I'd, I know, again, and again, got sucked on by a tranny. Not even a tranny. A crossdresser. A sloppy tranny. Lipstick and a wig and eyeshadow and gobs of extended tongue. I despised it. Was right for that. It deserved it. And was aware that not once did I think that I needed the suck or the relief or what it provided as experience. Or document. I didn't need to cum all that bad, I wasn't a teen learning from my schoolyard or fat fathers and rape victim reports. The fearsome thought that I'd like to smash its head open with a crowbar wasn't resentment or the hatred that should have been the prop behind such memorialized dreams had more to do, less liminal than, then, wanting to see the crime pictures of that thing bloodied and ripped apart for, I'll admit, this specific act. I'll admit it for as long as it takes to watch. Because I did not want to crack its head open. It wasn't a fantasy or logic or a wish. I didn't wish a thing. I would see it. I'd seen it before and it was constant. I wasn't in front of a bank of screens as much as I was behind an immense collection of

words and images and films that were consistent with what was happening and I didn't need to keep them or check them or refer back to them. It wasn't reductive or expansive. I know what pornography is and it doesn't actualize a thought or prefigure or legitimize an orgasm. This slug, these lice, had lives that didn't add up to satisfaction or need or want or unquestioned realities. They were as sequential as mice. Couldn't not rat. To stay. Within. Not against them or alongside them. My mistakes, such as they are, were listening to them take it somewhere else as fees and paying attention to what they might be abetting as if I could glean something away from it regardless. I'll go back to the formatives that were only first memories, not cathartic or employable onsets, certainly not realizations or convenient and insulting weak-kneed embarrassments to triggers. At the very same swim I was listening to a woman that had her large teen breasts mutilated because I was properly unfit into a court case against her attackers, I was driving a truck in the days where I'd fuck niggers like her except older because I wasn't in the right areas at the right times. I'd ask them to tug their tits out. I'd pay very little because that's all they asked for first. I could try to charm you by explaining how naive I was back then. Not exactly wide-eyed, you'd be unconvinced, but the stream would be enough to work for someone

like the charmed. I, truth be shared looking up, wasn't close to centered. And, decades later, you'll see it later, now, though, you get these old corpses coming off learned and experienced and sat in their homesteads talking to some moron bookreader and commentary critic about the films they made back when they were just trying to be daring. He'll tell you, wife off in the distant kitchen or dining room munching, that much more went on behind the scenes, which is the real laugh, when you think about it, as the censors who were cutting the films didn't quite get how measly you were really being by putting so little rape into the film about rape in the first place.

My way to charm is to be frank then. Rather like them but not quite so fine with what happened or what the new history purchasing capsule advertising audience might be there for now. To reuse. I'll disruptively tell you that it was less naïveté than prejudice that kept me away. And, anyway, forget the irrational youthful anger since, you know, it got worse as the years of slogging wore through. Maybe it was hardly ever real prejudice since it didn't have any facts to hold it back up, sadly. Scratch them in private and they'd every one of them come out as kneeling cocksuckers more desperate to touch a tit or jerking off little kids to see what it looks like since the coming of age movies can only show brief

nudity. And just as long as they weren't completely or even half black. Not much on Ivan Noel films by these critics and researchers and fanatics. Mexicans were an easier slide since they were much more aggressive or slightly nearer aesthetically, plus uncut, perhaps.

Start here. It's been true for as long as I can remember. I just want the fucking job done now and it doesn't matter, it really doesn't, what I do afterward. In my own time. And as much as you'll always assume it's this more than anything else I could make an anecdote out of.

This guy didn't do anything now, add did he. Nothing. And there should be something more left behind for you at this age, shouldn't there. Can you imagine? It's just another old hog being interviewed as someone the librarians could get to respond for the research.

From what I remember this fat sweaty slob, first introduction, was the easiest drug dealer to find. One of just a few, as coy as is obvious. The bar manager told me that when he finally complained to his boss, supposed bar owner, that it was getting rougher than he and his punky crew could handle at the end of the night that he was told, frankly and finally, that the entire idea of the bar was to shift drugs. They weren't in the business of counting pennies off bottles from new wave fans. We did stupid

jobs for criminals so they had a place to corral dolts to buy the crap they'd cut to make much more than pennies within an aggregate that necessitated the entire operation be as stupid and complicated as this.

I knew little that this fat fuck that lisped around the dj booth constantly giggling and gladhanding was a dealer. I didn't know that he was the main dealer and I still don't know that now. I'd guess that he oversaw the thing to the others that dealt slicker than him or else they wouldn't have tolerated his hulking. It's confusing to work it out and I can't be certain but I'd like to think that these cunt barowners and drug shifters understood the market well enough to demand someone exactly like him to be in this place exactly for them. What they thought of him beyond that he was the perfect stupid shill self-impressed until wreck for color and draw for these places crammed a couple bucks per head at the front door, even, was, essentially, laughable. Who gives a fuck morally. Personally. He's just another drag or not.

You know what he does, don't you. I'd get told.

I had a good idea because his slimy skinny boyfriend also had to be put up with all night. She was the chief complaint but not the root. Sick little faggot who'd attained his femme completely through the drugs he couldn't handle. Every weekend the entire

bar staff had to pick him up and put him somewhere safe and keep him steady or near cleaned up. Even the few waitresses that worked there didn't like him or feel sorry for him.

The pig's epitaph, by me, thankfully that he won't be completely forgotten then, is that somehow he was taking care of this dripping sack he created and, what, did actually feel responsible for or to. Loved, to keep him like a dog that deserved the care truthfully and all the more faithfully. Some attention finally. At least he was doing something human within the tragedy of what human guilt-cum-human is, I'd guess, would work.

Because that wasn't enough cock for either of them. The suburbanites would come to the bar to see the fat slug to buy greater amounts of dope to bring back to the suckers I was more like than these dancing fucking sucking scumbags. And these safers got taken into the backrooms and offices, and soon enough, out to the alleys just a couple blocks further each time behind the bar to get sucked on by the jowls. That's what he'd do if you want tradable traveling amounts.

Wide-eyed whispered that, tell you what's worse, another preening obscenity preferred the black guys from the Cabrini Green projects just half a mile away from the bar. But that he'd get his ass handed to him if he tried it on them. So he'd go down to the

Southside adult theaters and the bijou where white pig might attract some coming of age imaginaries of gender and racial dysphoria and glom as much as he could. Slimy cocksucker was a nigger lover as they'd say back then. Meaning you'd not go within feet of this gross beast even to get your cock sucked because he'd had nigger dicks in there. And, by extension, you might be able to work out that he was using his cock watching porcine personality to utterly wrap it around any nice staunch het who wanted to sell drugs back home by increasing the bill and compliance rather than enjoying himself on previously unraped cock. Which extrapolating perfectly runs down the drain back to, make no mistake, this beast was simply a cocksucker and that's what you do to know, not get, cock as much as he wants to all the fucking time.

Knowing what I know now, I'd tell you that the asshole would have been too much. Unless it was his and he'd get young men to stick dick inside asshole since they'd already been in mouth. How nice for him if they couldn't get hard. All blubber don't get to wiggle. Tell me about those big titties you like, those teenage sluts you fuck. Wouldn't say rape. The insular conversation suddenly started might be too much for their age. Talk about fucking teens when you're talking to young trade, rape when older.

Firmly within the constant drug stupor, paling

boyfriend would have told you that the entire reason for any bar, like this or any other version, was just for more boys to get laid and the women to get fashion fucked. This was his job. And there's no truth in looking for sympathy there because he wasn't a good kid at the beginning of the night either. And he had no worth. Unless empathy was your job, explicitly not stupidly. I'm glad he's probably dead. Second after the niggers who didn't deserve the chance to get better, out, program enrolled.

I wrote somewhere, before I understood that it added up rotten, so slimy that I've come to despise it, about how the lumps would immediately set to work. There was nothing like what you'd come to understand about sex from watching pornography. I should be clear here: The part that's almost called romance really: the pauses and checks before the actors put that in there. That doesn't happen in the real jobs. Real jobs being prostitute work. The hookers just immediately start their business. It is mechanical. And I can think that it has to do with cops. That what we were doing had to finish quickly because of the threat of arrest. You couldn't fuck around. But I figure the act, now, all these years later in piles, was gears. So it defines the jobs that weren't like that just as hard. Just as stiff. As quick. Absolutely as reductive. How silly and embarrassing to see all the other less tawdry engagements as

anything but hideous insulting machinery. This includes all those miserable faggots and loved otherwise that want to do it slow and tell you that they liked it. How lumpen you've been to believe them. How sickening it was if they believed it and still contend that they do. Plus these ghetto rats hate white boys way more than we thought because they were just pigs with holes and we'd even fuck pigs. Why wouldn't they be jealous.

I don't think it would be correct to humanize Vanessa Place's work on rape. I'm doing that constantly. She's got a job that, while it solidifies her access, pulls her cred, brags her details, also lets you know it's about a forward act. To the point that you want to ask her more about indigence than rape. So, poring over papers full of inhumane et corporeal details pumped down into legal exactitude might make the reader comfortable in finding that evasive but recognizable reliance, relativity. Problem is that when advertising rape, the audience usually knows it's being swindled. Add that there aren't nigger jokes, per se; wetbacks instead, rather glaringly for those outside of California, leads you to suspect another bait and switch. Snugger as a continuation of her oeuvre, her rape book exceeds her playful and provocative examinations of rhetoric as objet d'art.

Allison Wolf from her book *Allison Unchained*:

When I had custody visits with Daddy, I rarely

got to see him work. Most nights, he started drawing at 10 or 11 p.m. and worked all through the night. He worked every night unless he was out with his bestie at a bar. He and his bestie were both Hustler Cartoonists. Ironically, I had a crush on him even though he was married with three little girls. Although he was sixteen years older, he flirted with me behind daddy's back. I never thought his sexual advances were wrong. I was confused and wore a long, rusted chain called PROMISCUOUIIS [sic].

A bookshelf with magazines stood right by the door. Daddy had a picture of himself holding his crotch with his middle finger up that he had taken in Italy. He must have collected matches and ashtrays because they were displayed on the bookshelf too. Across from his TV was his art table. He would sit in his recliner while he worked. I usually sat with my legs curled under me on the loveseat next to him.

Watching him draw was like watching the ocean waves come in and out from the shore. Mesmerizing. His eyebrows were stern, and his brown eyes were laser-focused while he created. It looked like his face was trying to match the faces he drew. The expression on his face changed as he drew a little girl in two pigtails. He looked devious when he drew his signature character, Chester the Molester. In this cartoon, Chester was in an Easter Bunny outfit hiding behind bushes at a park. There was a trail of Easter eggs leading up to his testicles. Chester

posed his manhood as Easter eggs. He had a bat. A little girl had started to collect the eggs on the way to her demise.

Be a Dear, will you? Stop highlighting the exposure and focus on recovering the entire lifetime that your denial has shoved down so slowly but perpetually, taken in as mere legal definition, to move just enough abjection to keep your rage from camp. See if you can separate the nudity from the narrative. Stay the reasons for having to slop more tangents around the simple words to slow the real life in more useful reason to push trauma back to drag. Sweetheart, we're looking for serious here but you're aligning misandry with empathy and we're capable of much more than limply layered truisms, you tired old poor Thing. I know you're working hard, I know, Dear.

For example, I don't really think you can yammer on about *Savage Streets* being a serious, subversive, passionately kind, attempt to show what happens while an actress, thin and small and dressed as close to a threadbare innocent as is allowed within studio profit margins and conniving, embodies the real acting behind what purports to offer all others a gang rape. It's all a bit embarrassing.

Back before you had porn studies stuck at Linda Williams and feminist classes mucked in Kinsey, Lou Campa would drop in every fetish in every movie

and let the counts formulate the narrative, or the news, as sheer total. Exploitation films exploit the newspaper stories that major distributors wouldn't touch or didn't know enough about yet. They'll tell you as if narrative was forming beside itself. These film fellas exploited the audience, not the subjects. Rather just like any show.

You're not talking about rape, you're not talking about the actors, you're using the wrong words to move concepts through to salesmanship. But, fuck's sake, if you're really looking for rape or the impulse. Then stop jamming the act as politic and stick to the representation as sale.

Follow Alice Friedland from movie to movie and count the absent times she was hired to keep her clothes on. An actress, she'd possibly tell you, since I can't be bothered to check your latest fan podcast update, pro enough to end up working much the same roles previous but eventually for John Cassevetes. Never said she'd been raped. Ridiculous to contort her porn shoots where she had to take on speaking roles alongside her split crotch digging loops and her sexploitation comedies as a form outward or inward as rape or rapist appealed. Those burlesque broads will tell you how those large breasts got them gangraped at fourteen. Before she fought back and used the adult stare to seek profitary revenge.

So what. You buy a few pictures? That film was offered entirely so that you could walk away and do the work about what you were looking for, students. You weren't going to see what you thought you wanted and what they were pretending to intend on investigating and it's tedious to have to watch you reconstruct this all out as if you're waiting for the rest of us to finally tell you what a joke you've been while we worried you might eventually cause us some loudmouth difficulty.

*For those with depraved tastes, look no further. You'll need a good scrubbing after this one from LOU CAMPA, the producer/director responsible for such nastiness as *Mini-Skirt Love*, *Venus in Furs*, and the feel-good flick of 1968, *Sock It to Me Baby!* True to form, *Come On Baby, Light My Fire* starts out dirty and stays that way from beginning to end. June (TINA BUCKLEY) is an anti-marijuana crusader who claims that kids are funning rampant with zero moral values, all because of weed. She's promptly abducted by a band of degenerate drug dealers and a slimy psychiatrist who intend to thoroughly corrupt and change her. After being knocked out and pawed in a car by a ravenous nymphomaniac named Candy, June is taken to the home of Mr. Forman (played in dark sunglasses by pre-*Deep Throat* smut king GERARD DAMIANO), a wealthy pervert and drug lord who enjoys watching people have*

kinky sex. Their plan is to defile the virginal goody-goody so that she won't be able to continue her crusade. She's stripped and given to Brad, a horny young dude who's eager to pop her cherry. But this is just foreplay for the Big Event—June's complete and utter desecration at the hands of Pancho (LARRY HUNTER as a grubby, drooling, disheveled Mexican in a sombrero) who, apparently, wields an enormous member. "Soon you will feel Poncho's love tool. Take in, Gringal!" he yells in a bad accent while the others watch behind a two-way mirror. Pancho drills away at June until she begs, "Please don't stop! I want it all!" The humiliation continues when Pancho pisses on her violated body. Obviously, Pancho is a very classy guy. The psychiatrist is then asked to brainwash June into becoming completely willing and uninhibited so that she will smoke pot and participate in a wild orgy.

They plan on photographing her in action so as to completely discredit and sabotage her mission.) Attempting to break her will, the crackpot doc uses an electric prod on June's private parts when she won't obey his commands. Eventually, June's spirit is snapped and she's conditioned to give pleasure to her captors like a love zombie. Brad, however, feels guilty about what's happened and—gasp!—has even fallen for the little captive. He devises a plan to rescue June...but not before getting it on with Candy, who claims she's more

woman than most can handle... Shot in the suburbs of New York and featuring Music by THE UNCALLED FOUR, *Come On Baby, Light My Fire* is pure wall-to-wall sleaze. The great Larry Hunter (*The Amazing Transplant, Olga's Dance Hall Girls*) is perfect as Pancho, continually referring to himself in the third person, slobbering like an idiot, and laughing maniacally for no reason at all. Shame on you for enjoying this filth. From a 35mm Campa-crazed print.

Halfway reaction would be to suggest that as a compilation of jokes, like a collection of rape come-ons and banality, the lesson you'd have before you, conceptually if not hamfisted, would be in pained effort to expose the private for public inconsideration and underlying cruelty of the actual words. To, essentially, campaign against the subject as subject.

But invoice is the correct word as much as rape is not. Jokes are ultimately what you're not getting. Basically, inoffensive camp. Truth is it's not even what you wanted. Camp more often being where the joke doesn't land because of how annoying the jokester thinks he's being witty at you. For your own good plus a wink, at best.

Punchline coming:

Is it true that most rapists are caught by their DNA

being found next to the body? Not from ejaculate deposited grotesquely inside the body of the victim?

Usually from next or close to the body, on the ground, or a kleenex or crumpled paper or old wrapper left at the scene. Actually, probably just as often from on top of the body. Like on her stomach or ass or leg. Most rapists aren't caught by their DNA though.

Seems like alot of work if you're only going to jerk-off anyway.

The story is eventually owned by the director, certainly not the actors or crew, rarely the scriptwriter, since the diegesis will tell of the producers' fleeting interest and relation to the real stories that sparked the motivated characters to cause the exaggerated damage. The actors will be the draw years later. The directors fall from favor unless they've been following a theory or an obsessive tell.

Seems like alot of work if you're only going to jerk-off anyway.

Well, not really.

The movies aren't about rape. The reviews are. The dissemination is specialist. If silly. I can't wait to tell you how I got it all wrong. Where it started.

While sexploitation is all about the girls, occasionally one encounters a guy whose presence is strong enough to actually upstage them. Men like John Alderman. Or Stuart Lancaster. Or LARRY HUNTER. You know Larry, even if you don't recognize the name. He oozed charm as "Nick the Creep" in *Olga's Dance Hall Girls*. He swished around as the hilarious homo in *All Women Are Bad*. He was the detective on the trail of *The Amazing Transplant*. And he popped up in *Changes*, *Love is Where It's At*, and *The Love Toy* among others. And here he's given an entire film to run amok in, as *Sock It to Me Baby* is, basically, a character study of a Suburban Sleazeball having a sexual mental breakdown. And folks, nobody but nobody is better at being a Suburban Sleazeball having a sexual mental breakdown than Mr. Hunter.

Hunter plays Ron Baker, a flabby, weak-willed, bottle-guzzling 35-year-old alcoholic and "perfect fool" who lives off his rich wife's money in a sexless marriage. He's also obsessed with "the young stuff" which seems to be all around him. "Look at that beautiful rump! Those perfectly shaped breasts! Those firm, milk-white thighs," thinks Uncle Ron while ogling his 18-year-old niece Susan who lies writhing naked on her bed. "She's ready for sex and I'm ready to have her... But I can't! I mustn't! She's only a child! What kind of a degenerate am I?" The answer, of course, is

that he's the kind of degenerate director LOU CAMPA loves, and while Ron spares Susan—who falls into the clutches of Ron's lesbian wife June—Ron is soon peeking into the windows of his next-door neighbor's home and getting obsessed with their babysitter, a gum-chewing, Spiderman-reading "little tart" named Tina.

I can't second guess into oblivion so the false revisionism on my part coming will have to be accepted as entirely your own milquetoast fault. Personal because the fuck do I know, you know. How to keep from needfully putting rape into quotes. To explain you're talking about the concept while others are talking about the act while both sides agree the word might need some emotional accent and tear rending color. The currently preferred term for child pornography is the anagram CSAM. Since the word "pornography" didn't contain enough rape in it when specifically placed next to "child."

While it would be nice to excuse my lofty to prurient ideas for something I was playing with to tease the audience, I'd feel more comfortable guessing it went out bent from the wrong place to begin with. I keep getting referred to as the first person arrested for child pornography possession in Illinois. I was, in fact, I think, the second. Cheap of me to point that out, again, but the records that were designed to go to the localish supreme court have me listed in

second place. As I remember it, my lawyers (there was a team) explained proudly that they forced the issue so that my name wouldn't be the one most publicly prominent. They were doing their job in protecting me they'd explain. I probably fucked up their job and considerate efforts by continuing to write and publish. Nonetheless, I'm offering some quite possibly shit facts by way of explaining how lamely I remember a small detail now writ large.

Even cheaper, because I'm talking directly to the matterless braggarts who like to mouth off ignorantly, is that I wasn't arrested for possession. I was arrested for obscenity. I was charged with owning the pictures of little children getting raped after the law secured the arrest warrant simply from what I had written and released. Cheapest still is that I'm building to a point. About Vanessa Place. Tawdry, since I'm completely unable to do it without referring to myself. But you'll have noted that I used the word raped in describing child pornography. A more irritating lapse will likely be conflating possession of photos of rape, that I'm unwilling to concede to the strangers-when-she-met-them rapists that Vanessa Place defends. Physical penetration draws a line and Vanessa has been known to comment. The draconian laws of sentencing requirements in, step back, sex felonies. Charges men per picture and often results in longer clampdowns than for those

who committed rapes within and upon bodies. Children included among the adults.

Here's the something that I know will come off as my being rhetorically, apologist, revisionist or awkwardly evasive no matter what I say simply because these tits I'm not really talking to will think I'm still trying to mollify them. Also worth pointing out that I've a subtext running here about treating child sexual abuse, the subject, differently than I always do. Like to do. Can't seem to find a reason for doing otherwise if, miserably, I wasn't being asked to make this wretched point about jokes and the prissy public anonymous.

Had my court case, my trial, proceeded along with what I had been arrested for, it would've been a first amendment argument. I won't explain that. As it was, after the announcers and dayjobbers arrested me and quickly dropped those charges since they knew the legal arguments wouldn't hold up to win in court, my case became a fourth amendment case since the legal argument was then on whether or not I had the right to not expect police to show up at my door and explain what it was I was thinking in there.

The photo on the cover of *PURE 2* was not discernible to anyone other than those who would recognize it from the original magazine, from which it was xeroxed wholly. Devoid of its original context,

the unfamiliar could not definitively know what it was. In short, it wouldn't have worked for you.

And I could say that this was the very reason to put it on the cover. Because the dumb audience wouldn't have got it. And thereby I was getting away with being a little arty minx who, at the very same time, was showing you that I was much more dangerous than you. Or, just as copmind likely, that I was winking towards the fuckers who might have more of the same to make contact and trade. Another nice SAIC twist would be that it was a thin comment on the very act of sexual congress. By cropping/not cropping it as such, an argument exists that it was exactly like effacing anything more human. Like any always grubbing therefore repulsive adult. And prying the body parts like a mental drop or obsessive retard's sick who wants to look closer, even closer, up his accommodating owner's cunt. Like the focus in sex when reduced to fetishism. Or, better, the simple sex act twisting respect and bliss into viscera into nausea and fully warranted abreaction that somehow he was too filthy and damaged to want to avoid seeing. Inside all three issues of *PURE*, I had cropped insertion or tit grab or finger slip sections from larger porn captures. So that I didn't have to see the rest of the animals, paraphilia highlights, as illustrations of the articles I wrote for the magazine. The acts rather

than the person. Like a rapist or a monk.

It's not going to be until one of the girls leaves the fold. And she'll still probably hold to the be sweet, alternate ethnicity, covenant. Until she decides that the outsiders need to know, for her own and new personal experiences, what truly happened to her blushing bashful friends in Nickel Mines. Maybe I didn't like their haircuts or bad acting. Their stupid faces gurning from whatever it pulled. More likely the pictures were utilitarian to the writing within bad design decisions.

As I see it, you're highlighting the violence in consensual sex acts. The times when although what's happening is small part of the act within a bigger framework, that is essentially consensual or even natural, by selecting a man's hand grabbing a woman's flesh, you're attempting to make it look like the violence that it might actually be when deconstructed to moments and needs.

You're incorrect then. Move to infantilism. Plus. It's not about incest, those children. It's not really ever about incest, is it. The cops and prosecutors involved didn't realize, or admit, or significantly conclude or concede, that a slim KP magazine titled Incest was, actually, entirely, about incest. That's what it is still. It's relevant.

The way I read it is that you're primarily interested in the ugliness of what's happening. The new framing is demanding that the audience look closer at what is happening removed from what might be a more loving and acceptable encounter.

I'm telling you that you've got that wrong though. Imagine any man's hand on any woman.

That poor slob counting every scene you were in, searching for every scene, it's flattering, isn't it?

Why show it to me.

We're being reductive.

It is reductive.

My expensive defense lawyers instructed me not to answer the help from the ACLU who had already filed a brief of sorts on my behalf. The well known authors who contacted my lawyers looking for more details and possibly offering help if it fit their accountings and brave reputations were explained by my lawyers as deleterious in specifics. I wasn't to back the prosecution into a corner where they'd have to pontificate back through the news channels. A cause, a bigger construct, wouldn't help the bottom line, the real, personal, true story, goal.

The worst lawyers, I was told, would be the ones

who believed in freedoms versus rights. We could and did argue Stanley.

Art is extra. The acid runoff from the mandates. The introductions and artist statements and afterwards and crass trauma to trailblazing rape passion project.

There's not an act. There's always a victim that you're talking about. There's always another rapist that is far off in the background of your loud mouth. But around about first ups is the victim. I know, I've seen her.

Pig shows her cunt.

Maybe I ran out of stories. Or like repeating old ones again.

Maybe I've figured out why I never developed a masturbatory or reflective favorite of black actresses given my past counts. How come I was sure I never wanted to see anything from them below the waist. Even the ones who didn't barter. Stave off bitter.

And there's a commentary track where three female movie critics talk about how the same director of that film made another film – "batshit" one says – about a Rambo-type film that is even more ridiculously about Mengele. They consistently talk about the agency of the women actors in the

film and how they own their sexuality when paid to perform such. The actresses in the film are doing more than reductively performing their jobs. The context is serving the genre give example that the film exists in according to the commenting collaborators. Wouldn't have three ambitious young men sat around recording themselves giggling and discussing the nude scenes. But, maybe, back in the day, men sat close enough to each other in a theater watching the movies that offered respite and fished forward disappointment more than frustration. The very advertising that would axiomatically destroy the market – offering shame to indulge prurience was quick obsolescence. The fast buck scheme was shaming the shameful. Dishing out words they already knew well. Not so very shameful, they'd joke, looking elsewhere as soon as available.

Whitney Strub has written ardently on the feminist anti-porn campaigners of yore's use of the word "collaborators" finding currency in the far-right's successful and more compelling law shifts to censor what you're allowed to read and see. After his 2011 *Perversion for Profit: The Politics of Pornography and the Rise of the New Right*, Strub went on to publish his intensive research into the films of Zebedy Colt in 2017 through a chapter in GLQ through Duke University. Strub's primary focus is how, as a pre-cloné gay man, previously a composer and rights

liberationist before earning a crust as pornographer, Colt would film himself in countless sex scenes with women and achieve subversion and transgression either knowingly or unknowingly. Colt would direct and script films where the narrative would include rape scenes more often than not. And Strub effectively counts the times that Zebedy had to rely on what might be insert shots where, possibly, the actor/director couldn't raise a hardon. Add to that the sections where, as a director, he seemed to focus too long on male bodies at the expense of the heterosexual audience wanting to see a porn film that spread out women being naked pigs acting like pigs for film.

Recent work in queer theory has questioned the often-assumed linkage between queerness and antinormativity, and that ongoing conversation will determine how Colt should be historicized. For if the queer exceeds the homosexual, as nearly all agree, it "claims its identity in the breach," as Vickie Kirby (2015: 97) writes, often resting on a tacit understanding that counternormativity acts as the defining feature of queerness. But much as Scott Herring (2014: 102) locates an unexpected "queer conservatism" in the "hixploitation" films that ran concurrent to Colt's heyday (and overlapped slightly with his work), we find in Colt's films a reactionary queer heterosmut, one that smuggles queer desire and male same-sex contact into straight

porn, even as it wallows in misogynist violence against women. If queerness is a break with violent heteromascularity, as Ward imagines it, or indeed a broader “praxis of resistance,” as per Omise’ke Natasha Tinsley (2008: 199), then, remarkably, one of the most nakedly homosexual makers of hetero hardcore ultimately fails to achieve it. Yet even in Colt’s failure are charted new directions for queer studies in straight porn.

Nancy Princenthal includes one of Zebedy’s films in her book *Unspeakable Acts: Women, Art, and Sexual Violence in the 1970s*, but wasn’t much interested in who made it:

As already noted, and affirmed by feminists on both sides of the issue, (pornography) was proliferating with furious speed in the seventies, a concomitant of the era’s changing attitudes toward sex. I recently stumbled across a monologue that is not among the best known in Spalding Gray’s celebrated repertory, in which the much-loved performer tells of his experience starring in a low-budget porn flick. Called *Farmer’s Daughters*, the film was actually released, in 1976, and Gray—young and bearded—was indeed one of its main actors. (At this writing, a very short and chaste clip is viewable on YouTube.) In his monologue, Gray presents himself, as always, as hapless and beleaguered; he is also, as usual, an alert

and ruefully funny observer. But the movie as he describes it is simply vile; it involves three escaped convicts raping a rural housewife and her daughters. Gray took the role, he says, to earn money for a cross-country trip on a kind of hippie bus where, in his (reported) dreams, everyone gets stoned and lies around on paisley sheets. (His costar's motivation, he also reports was paying his psychoanalyst's fees.) In advance of the shoot, Gray had reservations. He writes of screaming at the sun and of a disturbing episode of dissociation. But once he finds he'll play the gang's leader, he becomes "more enthusiastic about the day's work." Alas, chosen to rape the mother, who was played by a big, "gaudy" middle-aged woman, he fails to maintain an erection. An alternate with less delicate tastes is called in. Writes Gray, "I was horrified by the size of his organ and the violent way in which he hit her, but most of all I was horrified by the way she seemed to like it, as she moaned and rolled back on the bed." When another actor cheerfully admits that "he was in it to get laid. It was fun and he really liked it." Gray find himself jealous.

At a distance of forty-plus years, it is hard to know how to take this. It isn't terribly helpful to denounce self-involvement in the creator of autobiographical monologues—in someone who basically invented the genre as a form of live theater and was generally brilliant at performing it. But Gray's comprehensive

disregard for the women who were acting alongside him on this shoot, and his off-camera views of them as uniformly dumb (especially those that are southern) and either ravishingly lovely or hopelessly unattractive, is too offensive to be given a pass. Equally baffling—or, finally, crystal; clear—is how little shame there was in telling such a tale.

I wouldn't keep the films of Alice Friedland or Tara Strohmeir. Alice did more photo sets than porn films inbetween. I didn't care for the loops, instead she did a very good dancing scene in *Cindy and Donna*. I don't need to reinvestigate or watch any of them again. Too much cheesy exposition. Not decent rape films. I kept the ones with Peggy Church. Makes for excellent crops, you understand. Llyah Torena usually played younger than she was. Bone up on your sexploitation film forums nonsense and keep your porn study books and all you find is people molding the most ridiculous arguments for appreciating lousy films. Zebedy putting on a cock ring and sniffing from a much missed bottle of poppers might've pegged him as just another person someone else knew that could do something special on film finally.

She did some full-length porn films as well. In a commentary for one of her nudie films, however, the now ancient director bubbles over her scene about how Alice's body was made for pleasure. She

seemed too comfortable in her scenes. The genre speak for the films separate her work by acting. The kind discussions delineate her professional careerist aspirations and her personal bravery in doing whatever was required in whatever offers were dropped her way. Either did it to demean you to have film of yourself with a hard cock in your mouth while trying to get better acting jobs based on the reaction directors had to your impressive body. Or where did you learn to complete the role so well? You took acting lessons where, when did you first realize it might be something you were very good, excessively natural, at.

These are old arguments. Whitney Strub references a late seventies Pat Califia essentializing these concerns as "victorian." As if these women needed protecting, as if it was their purity that was in danger. Maybe you had to explain that they should be as proud and eager as the actresses who weren't gaudy and hopelessly and uniformly dumb and unattractive, as old-fashioned as their slow rape joke personalities. Teach the boys to be less out of date. Pick something contemporary. Pick something that doesn't look back. Pick something again. Like a book that you'd return to. Placing it on a shelf so that you might reconsider it but just now and again read through for the simple, simplistic, pleasure of appreciating the moment where you bought a small

book of rape jokes collected by someone who works more with rapists than rape victims. It's more a book about jokes than a book about rape. Just as everything about rape is more a collection of statistics than body details. The emotional cues are known and still find their time within. We can record your story and see what has changed since these were seen as typical and even genuinely amusing.

The setups are given. The trajectory is difficult to follow without the investment required of someone other than the usual assholes. You'll have to forgive me. Have to. So much of this isn't prurient. It's pubescent.

You had films being made under different understandings and, moreover, excuses at the exact same times. Softcore movies with thin clumsy and uncamp storylines in one market and porn with the same. Hardcore stories should have pushed the narratives more, you'd think, but didn't. Softcore sold as if they were nonetheless constrained by censorship laws instead of greater theater counts. More hogs slopping quaint. You can't watch *The Brute* for anything but the nude scenes. Some scenes were shot specifically for the american market. Barely there as you don't masturbate in the theater.

There's no history concealed and accidentally dripped from the history of exploitation films. The viewers weren't watching these things at home with

their pause buttons. They were one time shots. And a little bit took on greater importance. As did the advertising. Already so low as to search the descriptions, the loudmouths tracking historical trends and sloppy genres don't quite grasp that the ones in their raincoats had actually figured out what you were going to do decades later. In public, under law, it was different. The frustration you divulge isn't the access they were exploiting. Your hatred of lifeless critique and your spearing of morons is personally underachieved. The films were wrapped around the descriptions, the invitations. Nothing worse than advertisers. And how could I be wrong about any of this. I was sat for years with men all telling me what I masturbated to, guessing what it was I was looking at while I yanked on myself in private, and explaining either the best way to move away from that perpetual or move into seriously considering the crime that I was responsible to them for. It wasn't a decision I made or had to make. It was, clearly from every legal and medical construct, a choice to reconsider. And then again. Bad luck to bad offer; one would have to learn. The hole I crawled into wasn't masturbating. The hole I crawled into was the one I wanted that didn't demand need. The physical response suggested by pictures, the way I in particular would read them, so their words first, was a ridiculous option to be handed. These

crawlers weren't lying whenever it was best. As far as I was concerned, I'd have to take Sara's next child as a fuck that could not possibly have happened if the constant grieving was too much to contend with.

The repurposing of feminism started at Dworkin, the idea of looking for the feminism in nude set-pieces broke through categorically at the hatred of sex.

Of the feminists addressing the tsunami of smut, few were as dedicated, or as extreme, as Dworkin. In her 1979 book, *Pornography*, she proclaimed, "Fucking is an act of possession—simultaneously an act of ownership, taking, force; it is conquering." This is the case whether intercourse is consensual or not; indeed it was only the more true in marriage: "Marriage as an institution developed from rape as a practice," she contended. While Dworkin (who has lately regained favor for her uncompromising radicality) never actually equated intercourse with rape, she did firmly believe that pornography and rape were one and the same. "The celebration of rape in story, song, and science is the paradigmatic articulation of male sexual power as a cultural absolute," she wrote. She saw the everyday "strains of male power" operating in pornography's form and content, and claimed, "The fact that pornography is widely believed to be 'depictions of the erotic' means only that the debasing of women is held to be the real pleasure of sex." Male power

at its worst, Dworkin argued, is at work in pornography's production: "Real women are tied up, stretched, hanged, fucked, gang-banged, whipped, beaten, and begging for more.

If it was telling you that I remember vividly sitting in an adult movie theater back when they had them and the best part of what I seem to remember was the scene where some bulk unzipped and flopped up hard cock. It would sound fixated. And he'd be lying. Or era faggy nostalgic which he couldn't see as delineated. But if I switch it to listening to the same story within a contemporary tryst in a bar made for men to have sex and that this snake story had an immediate effect on me. So much so that I needed to tell you about what happened. Which was either I stood up after we went in the back and unzipped hard for him. Or, maybe better, told him to unzip and show harder. And I explained in court camp that it was therapy while I sucked him off to cum. Or that it didn't matter what was going to be said since the sex between us was going to happen just as the space had been created to make us not comply but pay, exploited not provided. I'd still be unable to skip the part of it being somehow sexually exciting in that it was as formative as a priest sucking on little boys with the church saving them inside the church because, as you know, the reason priests are sworn to celibacy has more to do with keeping property

within the coffers than hiding pedophile problems in a quotidian corralling operation.

Participants becoming experts on their own sexual fantasies and sexual acts.

Practice perception of one's own sexual fantasies and acts.

Differentiating the resources that each of the group members has to control sexual impulses.

Communication of knowledge about mechanisms such as downplaying, denial, and rationalization of sexual fantasies and acts.

Reduction of participants' anxiety in describing their own sexual fantasies and acts.

Internalization of the concept of dissexuality in general, as well as reflection on one's own (potentially) problematic sexually motivated behaviors.

They can tell their mothers. And ending with the shit you have to see. Every advert for those films speak to violence when they're almost always, have been and continue to be, cheap comedy. Alpha Blue Archives released an armful of scene and short compilations under the title "History of Rape" but can no longer advertise them on their website so the titles have been changed to "History of *ape." Nonetheless, and no fault of ABA, any previously coveted 8MM reel then telecined'd into, eventually, DVD is of an artifact that plays lazy bad acting and whatever the women and men hired for the quick shoot would

agree to do without laughing and blowing the shots. Paid to consent and recommended to each other then as stopping before fucking dogs and horses. The current flow is less my reducing the imagery to adults having to act out rape to having sex, as fits my sickness with children, doctor, but then twisting these old profitable releases as jobbers forward to their contemporary treatment as children. Time to talk like a sucker now. Better than sounding like one of the hawkers.

The Bikini Kill twat gives history as she siphoned the work down after she came up with telling her buddies that there's alot more going on there than you think. Came up with the most repulsive way to sell something that isn't hers. Either of them. The faux giggling academias who provide paid commentaries to sexploitation rereleases after the boutique companies spotted their books on the "rape and revenge" film genre. Falling for postmodern readings of narrative and shrugging off the older men that needed to sell shrugs and compliance as well as tit. The reason you wouldn't put the men on the commentary reels is because they chart boring more than unctuous. Painfully avoiding the obvious jokes that Vanessa Place compiled, for example. Coughs the old man. Starting a conversation or offering your willingness to engage and converse with those that might want to respond directly is, as should be

understood immediately, more a direction to shut your mouth. Vanessa Place's work is more appropriately a desire to shut down the conversation. Your chances of thinking through what's been handed you before all of this is your turn to listen. You won't expand. You will need to match the necessary rigor and, we've seen you before, won't.

Start with. Well, you were hard. Finished at. I left just after I cummed. And leave the book you wrote past the middle for liminal. Or just a joke for those dumber than you that had quickly come to you just after the animal zipped back up. So you tried to keep that. To those smarter and straighter, tell them you're commenting on the nature of the public joke. That you're making a point. That does not have anything at all to do with shame. Or regret. The point, Cheri, being that those less deflective than you have to either stay kind and tolerant or now certified dumber than you if they don't bite back. And tell you you're a bit slower than. Because, listen, you're dealing conceptually here. You're performing. You're even half sharp enough to call it a performance when you're explaining. So don't ask what performance is as if they'll understand that part without having to push. Formulated that specific timely excuse well before you were able to unleash it. Figured it out while waiting your chances to speak back. You're not understanding that you're

talking to yourself, they'd bark and demand that you take responsibility for your larger hides and sleazed lamed transparency. And, obviously, selling. Well, what do you think and here's where I figured that wrong well before you jerked and thought too highly of yourself. Semiotext(e) recently released *Hot Slit*, a contemporary refitting more than appreciation-cum-reader of Dworkin's work that is perversely the exact method of skeeve used by editors to trend to new and curious suckers. Fuck happens when they watch the films. Enjoying your charm, thanks for sharing. Don't be tired instead of grateful that one of the group of underlings and one of the group of intellectual superiors might flash a quick hug to smile: oh yes, I got it, well done.

I am a lawyer and an artist. Specifically, a criminal lawyer; arguably, a criminal artist.

How is a book of rape jokes exactly the same as rape?

Well, it isn't, is it? Words and culture critique can never adequately capture the true brutality of what it is to be raped.

That's the point, right?

Or.

How is a book of rape jokes exactly the same as rape?

It's alot of work for nothing.

How is a rape joke exactly like a rape?

Exactly? Show some sympathy, Cunt.

Exactly.

And.

Know any good nigger jokes?

My Mom used to work in a small repair office and, at over seventy years old, she'd still open the storefront on her own before the rest of the crew showed up. One morning, as she was still there alone, a guy rushes through the door, grabs my mom and tells her to empty the register. "There's no money yet, I don't have a register since the shop doesn't open for hours yet, I'm only the bookkeeper" she screams while he's pulling her around by her grey hair and collar. She gives him her purse and the animal tells her "now get in the back." My mom, bless her, says "no, now that's enough" and shoves him in his chest. He punches her in the face and turns around and runs out the door. She collects herself, tries to stop shaking and crying, calls the cops and her boss and then her oldest son. I didn't find out til years later. The cops show up first.

Can you describe him?

He was very tall.

Wait, the cop says, I know him!—Was he wearing a Raider's jacket?

Know any more nigger jokes?

Yep, I just read an entire book of rape jokes. *You Had To Be There* by Vanessa Place comes with an artist's statement at the end though.

Best rape joke that's not in Vanessa Place's *You Had To Be There: Rape Jokes*:

Can't you just leave me alone, it's over now.

Actually, specificity doesn't work. A lawyer that represents a criminal isn't a criminal lawyer. An artist that tells the idiots that its art is talking to philistines. As a system of rape logic to the human element demands looking at the spaces where you're tired of hearing the details that no one else is lucky enough and mercenarily condemned to hear. Or you're not tired at all. The lawyer isn't cold enough. The dilettantes make sure of it. There's a provocative front directed well above my head by their sanctioned inclusion. And, if adding up the sympathy that is supposed to be aimed there, apologies to the dullard winds, to the "indigent sex offenders" she has to, or needs to, especially given the options post matriculation graphs, represent

within the law, just or cruel, protect and serve, the hideous humanist level she's telling you to be above, still lands directly at her. At how she spends her days and what she might be drowning in. What she resents in male revolving doorism as well as philosophical self-sympathy. Currently trending, empathy starts there. Her desire to see language stripped away from bold blocks, case calls and italics doesn't have to be a coping mechanism or a hairshirt but, according to the rules of the exact same game, might as well be.

You've also said that there's no such thing as rape culture: "It's just culture." I imagine you mean everything from catcalling to "conjugal debt." Can you elaborate on that?"

I'd be even broader, so to speak, in my claim. Structurally, at least here, at least now, at least in our insufferable present, we are enthralled by mastery. Even if we don't like a particular master, we believe ourselves, or our preferred designees, capable of being some better master. Mastery itself is not questioned, meaning the real question of domination and submission is not questioned. It's like the cops: you may think you hate the cops but simultaneously think they should be on the scene of what you consider a crime, and will self-deputize to police others, such as with call-out culture.

This suggests that we want these structures, and again, the question then becomes why.

A culture that loves mastery will have many masters, some in balaclavas, some in blue suits, some with a lot of online followers. Of course, we are predisposed to recognize certain demographics as embodying mastery more than others, and may rail against the particular manifestations of this, but that's debating interior design, not architecture. As an easy example, many people ask me whether I've ever been raped, and those more psychoanalytically affined ask if I want to be, but no one asks me if I am, or want to be, a rapist. That's just culture."

("Her Dark Materials: A Conversation with Vanessa Place," by Daniel Elkind, 2/5/2019, *LA Review of Books*)

Are you kidding? Can you discuss the timeline? I didn't care what was going on with some cocksucker because I knew what that was. The revelation was that he was looking for black men, you understand. It wasn't anything new, frankly. I knew what kind of person he was. You didn't have to sense it. It was available as long as you knew that he wasn't interested in you at all. And, it follows, he knew that you were correct in despising him. Of course, he'd say publicly that you were a filthy racist. It had nothing to do with homophobia for example. You just didn't like what you knew he couldn't wash off or out. Some of these kids didn't know any of this yet. Some of them, these librarians will say, got caught up in

the wrong corners of the place. A great many of these darlings showed up somewhere thinking that it was the only way to hear the music they might need to know more about. Surrounded by those that would know more about the art. Take it seriously. You get to know these poor men. Wasn't looking for a community. The student's answer is that maybe he was looking for sex, stupidly, or meaning, companionship, recognition. Instead of a teacher. Who said, at first. Let me take a picture of your cock then. It won't have your face in it. And I'm not asking you to let me suck it. Just keep your zipper open and I'll jerk off. If you don't want to see me jerk off, and I know you won't turn your back and show me your ass, of course. That'd be too nice. Wiggle for a faggot, for an old lonely hound. Yank like you like to see those hideous red cunts in Penthouse. Because you don't trust me. Getting nailed that way, raped, isn't what you're willing to do to sell drugs and make some money and friends. This is nothing but I understand. I'll just look. Quick and we're done. She says, no offense to penetrated and badly beaten victims – I mean, real rape victims, but I think it was like getting raped. You want to fuck around. This is what you're playing at. I won't talk but you will. And you'd get angrier and come back and want to fag bash my head in. So we'll stop here. But part of buying this shit is you're going to get me to trust

you and you to trust me and I want to see your penis. And you act like from now on that it's not to prove you're not a cop. But I'll watch out for you. The question is outside of you, finally. For example, I couldn't legitimately ask you "how long do you plan on being this ignorant?" But I could see how long you've, not decided to, remain ignorant, innocent, no longer naive. Better example, you couldn't blame every fucking band that put out a record that ended up being played in a club to be somehow a hog or facilitating willfully other hogs. The hog market beneath their worries and artistic imperatives. You could blame every band that licensed out a club mix though. Ingrates. Their partial plans and open spiritual chances. The joints weren't created for music, simp. Insipid plans to follow every Lee Frost and Michael Findlay film because it supported an unsuitable fit for their unconscious gives to rape scenes. Every film back then had a rape theory, sideline if not subtext, filmed or denied or smelled behind the scenes as the clips in the magazines that trumpeted that Robin Matteson couldn't wait to take her clothes off and spoil her typecasting.

What is less clearly appreciated in the somatic approaches to trauma is the involvement of the therapist's body—the intersubjective and relational dimension. It is understood that the therapist's empathic engagement can

lead to “compassion fatigue” and “vicarious traumatization” through a process of absorbing the client’s trauma conceptualized as occurring via the brain’s mirror neurons. This raises the question of how the therapist can be protected against the dangers of secondary traumatization, when on the other hand it is also understood that it is via “interactive regulation” (Schore, 2001) by the therapist that the client’s traumatically incapacitated “auto-regulation” of hyper-arousal is increasingly restored.

How can we reconcile these contradictory requirements, and what actually is the therapist’s internal process in the face of shocking and terrifying experiences brought into the consulting room by the client?

Therapists tend to “cope” with this dilemma by resorting to one of two fixed positions: a guiding, directive, quasi-medical “doctor” stance, or a reassuring protective “mother-healer” role. Both positions fit with the kind of distancing reaction to trauma that victims come to anticipate as socially “normal”; they expect the mind of the other to dissociate, registering at best the meanings of the words and the story they tell, but to remain removed from the unbearable feelings and sensations. A client expects no different when first coming to a therapist.

Aiden explained:

I would never have allowed myself to fantasize about a boy in real life. I would never fantasize about them because it feels too close to home. It feels too real, or too risky that I might act on it if I fantasize about it... I would never fantasize, I would never, like, see a boy at a park and then like fantasize about that boy. Like, never. I've always drawn that line where that wasn't allowed. So, instead, I would look at pornography. And pornography, at least, I'll get that fix, so you know, that release. And, and not feel the guilt. The guilt of wrecking someone in real life.

Of course, Aiden's statement devalues the children who were sexually abused in the videos that he watched, who are just as real as the children he might see at a park. At the same time, he felt that viewing child pornography was the lesser of two evils when compared with committing a contact offense against a child.

It is often tempting for us as therapists to polarize against the sadist and keep our own sense of self intact by taking the moral high ground. Behind our shock and disgust in the face of cold-hearted cruelty, we might detect our own fear of being the next prey or, indeed, of discovering traces of the perpetrator in ourselves. Either position may be experienced as threatening to our self-image and sense of integrity—it is understandable, although counterproductive, that many therapists shy away from conscious identification with the

abuser. To engage with all split-off, dissociated parts of the trauma, and function as the “regulating other” who holds the full impact of the trauma whilst the client is working at her own pace towards integration (Heitzler, 2011, p. 24). The therapist’s ability to inhabit the perpetrator as a felt body-mind experience is paramount.

Before I started the drug therapy, I wasn’t concerned with anything but kids. It was always about boys. I couldn’t concentrate on anything else. I always looked for shows on TV with young boys and spent the whole night looking for photos of boys so I could save and archive them. I had to masturbate five or six times a day. I spent hours masturbating –until I couldn’t anymore. Since starting medication I’ve got a clear head for the first time. I’m discovering other interests besides boys (...) I think Amnesty International is great, and I can really get into their projects. I feel like a huge weight has been lifted. I only masturbate once or twice a day, and I can actually relax while doing it (...) On the other hand it doesn’t work so good with the medications. You hardly get an erection, your penis isn’t as hard, it takes longer to reach orgasm, and over time there’s less and less sperm. But you’re not always in the mood to do it, and that’s important to me.

3. You did this for your own pleasure and also to inflict what you called “poetic justice” on a

convicted paedophile. You also wanted to draw attention to your mental health issues and to secure a transfer to a close supervision centre. You have reveled in the attention which you received as a result of the killing. 4. You did not just kill Richard Huckle. You bound his arms and feet and gagged him. You raped him. You penetrated his anus with the handle of a kitchen spoon, perforating his rectum. You strangled him, using so much force that your hands still require treatment. You smashed his face onto the floor 6 or 7 times. You punched him. You broke his jaw. You stabbed him in the neck. You inserted a home-made weapon up his nostril so that it penetrated the bone and went over three inches into his brain. 5. This went on for over an hour and a quarter, at the end of which Mr Huckle was either dead or dying. Describing the events afterwards, you said, "I got carried away by how much fun I was having doing what I was doing to him."

9. The seriousness of your offense is particularly high, because it involved sadistic conduct. The law says that the starting point is a minimum term of 30 years. I have to consider whether I should adjust that figure up or down, so I have to consider all of the aggravating and mitigating factors.

10. The aggravating factors are the significant degree of planning involved, the mental and physical suffering inflicted on Mr Huckle

before his death, the fact that the murder involved sexual activity, namely the rape and the penetration with the spoon handle, the fact that the offense was committed inside a prison, the fact that you were taking the law into your own hands and your criminal record, which includes violent and sexual offenses, although nothing approaching the seriousness of the present offense.

11. You have convictions for: (1) indecent assaults committed in 2004 and 2006, when you were 13 and 15 respectively; (2) battery and criminal damage committed in 2007, when you were 16; (3) assault occasioning actual bodily harm, which was committed in 2008, when you were 18, with intent to commit a sexual offense and while in possession of an offensive weapon, a metal fork, in a public place and in breach of a sexual offenses prevention order; and (4) false imprisonment, committed in 2016, when you were 25. This last offense was also committed in a prison cell, where you attacked, detained and threatened to stab a female prison officer.

12. There is only one mitigating factor, namely your mental health and, specifically, your psychopathy and, overlapping with that, your anti-social personality disorder, both of which appear to have been the product of the physical and sexual abuse which you experienced as a child. Those conditions constitute a mitigating factor insofar as they lowered your culpability.

Your gender identity disorder and features of emotionally unstable personality disorder were not relevant to your offending.

13. I will make a small reduction to the sentence which I would otherwise have imposed in the light of your mental health conditions, because they were the source of the urge to kill which motivated you, but I am sure that you could have resisted that urge if you had chosen to do so, just as you have resisted it for the whole of your adult life.

Best to concentrate on little else. There's nothing wrong with the blob. He'd sit in the dj booth and talk and sweat, he came fully formed. I wasn't thinking he was anything better or worse at that point and don't think I learned anything since that has changed that. So he was getting cock behind the bar for a few seconds, not minutes, and maybe not even gossiping about it later. He would not shut the fuck up. Look, just go back outside and rape some chicken, will you? Because he wouldn't listen unless you were as queeny and palsy as those that he grew up around. Best to focus on the work you're doing and not tire everyone else around you with the context of where it was before you were hurt, really, or where it's going to be misunderstood by those who haven't gone through the same thing. He'd go on to work in a porn store where he'd lock the door of the shop

underneath the Sheridan stop and proposition any of the cuter boys to let him suck their cock. I guess. Problem with the story that I was told was it was the store's snug fit to the el stop that the southside dregs could reach and, sorry to say, Doll, it probably was less boys like you than more homeless or drugged slobs who'd take anything given. What kind of dick he preferred on thin bodies never crowded his thoughts by that age. Simple fact is that I was told how he died and when and won't explain it. Simpler because it doesn't matter, it really does not. While it might be left to get read wrong as sympathetic or a cheap as elegiac way to make a point, I know this to be one small truth among many more as it comes across in an even more badly tied up hack's novel, hoping to sell mysterious or worth your time to pick what sort of revenge, triumph, fits you best. I knew the guys just like him and those didn't matter either. If the lord took him from an aneurysm or he was murdered by a black as insane indigent hunting cunt that took worthless offense to his absolutely offensive offer. I spotted those hogs, remember. Spotted them because I knew how he slithered. And every night I'd look forward to my walk home from work, early in the morning after bar hours, because I could cut through a parking lot where the hookers would take their johns from the neighborhood. I'd walk right by every car looking for the guys getting head from bad

wigs and afros and prefer if I'd get to see a handjob and some exposed tits that weren't my preferred type either. These men knew enough not to bend that over and fuck that. It paid off, all that waiting for the shift to end so I could see it every night when I was done getting paid. The jokes not being funny is not a criticism of any worth. That's not the point, get it, you didn't get it. The best idea you can slap on life is that it may have finally become a pastiche. I'd give him a pass. If he didn't seem so eager to sell anything he could grasp from such a small set of bad information and lousy chances to any side.

In finding that the affidavit permitted the state judge to find probable cause, we have not relied on one agent's statement that his "training and experience" demonstrate a link between pedophilia and child pornography. Dougherty holds that such a statement does not supply probable cause, even with the benefit of great deference to the issuing judge, because it is fact free. What training? What experience? Is the training based on data or just intuition? Does the experience show that nine of ten arrested pedophiles possessed child porn? Five of ten? Three of ten? One of ten? Details matter. An officer who testifies on the stand to training and experience—for example, "my training and experience enable me to decode drug jargon"—can be cross-examined to unearth the statement's foundation, but a detail-free assertion of "training

and experience” in an ex parte presentation does not illuminate the subject.

When an affidavit relies on an unidentified informant’s experience, the judiciary demands details. See, e.g., *Florida v. J.L.*, 529 U.S. 266, 120 S.Ct. 1375, 146 L.Ed.2d 254 (2000). When an affidavit asserts that a dog’s training and experience shows the reliability of a drug detection, the judiciary demands details. See, e.g., *Florida v. Harris*, 568 U.S. 237, 133 S.Ct. 1050, 185 L.Ed.2d 61 (2013). Details likewise are vital when an officer proposes his own training and experience as the basis of a warrant.

She tells the sweaty cocksucker with nothing but a loved and lovable history of glomming cock that she wants to know more about what rape meant as gay history instead of the dope and all the other usuals and the sales and midriffs. You should do your thesis on incest. What it meant back then as a subject that you could make a film about. Add some hope at the end, some strength. The audience will want to see that there’s not just evil in the world. Especially not as an entire story about something as passing and insanely impulsive and ultimately controllable as sex. I watched *And When She Was Bad* rubbing my crotch throughout. The protracted allegory shots and endless scripting start to make sense after awhile. The storyline was never considered nor the dialogue nor the female lumps clothed

or viable as long as they were constantly hamming it up and instructed to talk about sex. Not getting fucked. You didn't have to see all the fleshy gore and jigglng even more in extended scenes. They'd just be waiting for the shot to end, for the actors to finish, so that it could start again with barely different plans and machinations. You'd have to be retarded. The producer must've explained to the director to turn the movie into something better than the original script. You'd have to need something else to talk about. You're talking about repeat customers or suckers. Which is it. This is what you came up with. This far removed from the desire. It's like saying you masturbate while looking at their faces. Or what they say. Or what their jobs require. What's sold in front but received behind. What they decided to toss off when they finally became of age. What you'd repeat even sober. What separated me was the legitimate disgust of the slob. I'd had that confirmed. A loss. So I kept repeating the same joke. Why wouldn't you. You understand. I wasn't sat there rubbing my cock through my pants because the movie excited me all the long while. Not a drift of imagination that fugued from the nudges over my viewing and critiquing and logic. Wasn't aesthetic. There were men there also alone. The toddler's body was too small for anything. Meat with the barest function for this. It was a mugging. You can't

show that, there are other voices involved. Using the entire body in a sense – well before the psychological analogy, in this case as close to a metaphor as penetration is – as if some sick animal was so destroyed internally, mentally, desperately – that it would fuck a piece of meat instead of knowing to eat it. There are other ideas at play. The way these men would look at you with laser focus, waiting for you to shut up, so that they could let you know that they had a hot thick erection causing them idiot pain. I'm confusing children with adults, you understand, I know. The differences in violence – the differences in what remembers what. The coming down to fear later that's worse because that would last far longer, unlike the body, and then figuring out the next step to forget the worry and then the corporeal knowledge matched by the infant. Of course, this was handed to you. The internal dialogue that had you remembering that you were listening to it tell you that there was no difference between letting that old man screw you from behind to what you saw with that ugly faceless father lumping a baby around his missing a place to put cock. He just kept humping back there. Using your asshole. Not like you wanted to look at him. Not like that.

Humans can explain, while dogs cannot talk; and humans, who can reason, also are more susceptible to the fallacies of reasoning. Exam-

ple: An officer may believe that, if child porn was found on the computers of 10 (or 100) pedophiles, then pedophilia always implies possession of child pornography. That's a fallacy. We need to know how many pedophiles do not possess child pornography. Starting with a set of people who have child pornography excludes all of the false positives and is not a reliable means to determine the likelihood that a given person, arrested for attempting to have sexual relations with a youngster, has child porn at home. The litigants in this court profess certainty (at least, display certitude) about the relation between pedophilia and child pornography. Scott is confident that the two are unrelated. The United States is confident that one is a sign of the other. In support of these opposing views, each side offers—nothing but its own confidence. There is an empirical literature on the relation among different sex crimes, a literature that any expert witness would be obliged to consult and discuss, see Fed. R. Evid. 702, but the litigants have not based their positions on its findings. Indeed, at oral argument counsel for each side professed ignorance of this literature. A substantial body of work concludes that people who collect child pornography are much more likely than the general population to be pedophiles. See, e.g., Michael C. Seto, James M. Cantor & Ray Blanchard, *Child Pornography Offenses Are a Valid Diagnostic Indicator of Pedophilia*, 115 *J. Abnormal Psych.* 610

(2006); Kelly M. Babchishin, R. Karl Hanson & Heather VanZuylen, *Online Child Pornography Offenders are Different: A Meta-analysis of the Characteristics of Online and Offline Sex Offenders Against Children*, 44 *Archives of Sexual Behavior* 45 (2015) (discussing other studies); United States Sentencing Commission, *Federal Child Pornography Offenses* 181 (2012) (reporting that 19% of child-pornography offenders in the study—that is, 310 of 1,654 persons—also had a conviction for a contact sex offense against a child).

You've heard this all before. These Cheech and Chong jokes. I know I've said it, in fact, many times. You don't think it's the only rape story I know? The only one that I've heard up close and from someone very close to me? Or the only rapist I had to search my brain to recall because he liked blackmailing and fag convincing young men that might've been into it with just the slightest encouragement. Perhaps in a different situation? But with him looking like that? You repeat jokes. And these are not where the jokes come from. These are the jokes. You think they were gentle later when they got home. You think they were gentle before? Think maybe we could've taught them to be better, gentle. Being better at thinking they shouldn't have anything at all to suppress. Along with CSAM, keep in mind, currently finding favor among

suffering men who worry that their attractions to children might finally erupt in hurting the very items they're attracted to, is their anagram MAP. They've sought help with these attractions. Sexual attraction demanding a response, these men fear. Like everyone else with less trouble and more opportunities from recognition, acceptance, chances to grow along. And the, cheap as in paycheck, therapy and free online forums seek to offer them a community and shared experiences of difficulties between admitting and surmounting and telling terms and one of them will be placed outside of the group immediately after admitting that he's been coping so badly lately that he had been searching for child pornography on the internet because he had to find a way to briefly break the confusion. And these cunts will tell him about stressors and how they have to protect each other and these rules are strident for very important reasons. There's the others that need to be wrapped. There's no worth in community to begin with, he tells them. It doesn't fit. Everything he's thinking about is rape. Not attraction. The photos are pictures of rape when rape was what he's looking for. Always been a mooch. Fucking snake then. A grass. Find a way to get what you want. Who wants to hear what you want without pitying you, putting up with you. You're constantly explaining yourself. The work

was finished. I found pictures of rape. Representing exactly not what I was doing or wanting to do. A buffoon, not a child. Tells me the adults have been hurt too. Find less breathing space in pain, daily pain. You can see the mental breaks finally, you'll track them to when both of you gave up.

Does correlation also run the other way? That is, if you start from a sample of pedophiles, how likely is it that they possess child pornography? The studies we cited above do not address that question. One that does, Janina Neutze, Michael C. Seto, Gerard A. Schaefer, Ingrid A. Mundt & Klaus M. Beier, Predictors of Child Pornography Offenses and Child Sexual Abuse in a Community Sample of Pedophiles and Hebephiles, 23 Sexual Abuse 212, 227 (2011), finds that a little more than half (50 of 95) of a sample of men who conceded sexually abusing children also reported owning and viewing child pornography. Whether self reports are reliable is open to question, and since the sample was drawn from Germany the definitions may not fit categories in the United States.

We think it likely that other empirical findings are available. And we may well have misunderstood those we located on our own. We do not cite these studies to show the validity of the warrant to search Scott's home; indeed, we did not rely on the agent's "training and experience" either. Our point, rather, is that

inferences from the commission of one crime to the commission of another (e.g., from attempted child molestation to possessing child pornography) ought to be based on data, not on intuitions of the sort that led the lawyers to assert contradictory factual positions with no factual support. Data are available. Police and prosecutors would do well to consult them before making searches and arrests.

Affirmed

Easterbrook, Circuit Judge.

Done. Chip, I'd rather you not publish this.

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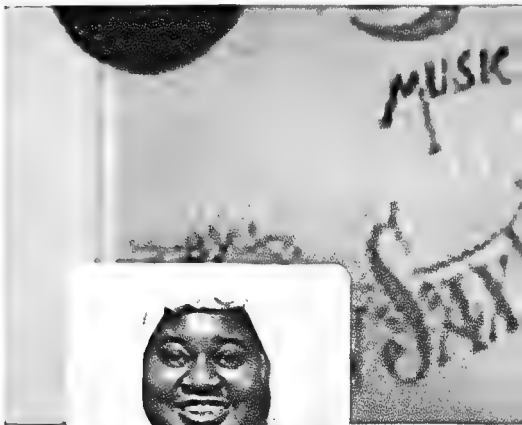
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n' den, dis evenin'," Mammy paused and
ain wiped her nose on her hand. "Dis evenin'
ss Scarleft ketch him in de upstairs hall w'e

**Movie
Review:**
**Baby
Rosemary**
(1976) and
Lunch (1978)

**Movie
Review:**
Monamour
/ **Kick The
Cock** (Blu-

005, 2010)

**Movie
Review:**
Jail Bait
(2014,
DVD)

Movie



FARMERS DAUGHTERS

GLORIA LEONARD SUSAN MCBAIN
JOHN BLACK PHILIP MARLOWE
NANCY DARE ZEBEDEY COIT
BILL CORT

Starring

Gloria Leonard
Susan McBain
Nancy Dare
Marlene Willoughby
John Black
Spalding Gray
Philip Marlowe
Zebedy Coit
Bill Cort

Synopsis

An innocent afternoon of spying on their parents having sex (and then forcibly sexually assaulting the farm hand) turns even more vile for three daughters when escaped convicts pick their farm to hide from the cops! A horrifying, hardcore afternoon of assault, torture and incest follows as the convicts take advantage of the entire family, culminating in a shocking, perverted game of "Simon Says" and a weirdly mixed and edited final montage. This film is the very definition of "hardcore," and one of the most eyebrow raising films in the Impulse Pictures library!

(2010)



Lost and
Found
(New
Sensation

S

ance - 2011)



Movie
Review:
Forever's
End (2013)



Interview:
Adult
Superstar
- Riley
Steele

Films)

1976's FARMER'S DAUGHTERS, which was written, directed and edited by Zebedy Colt (whom also stars), is one that starts off as a somewhat picturesque and innocent portrayal of life on the farm, as we find three sexually curious daughters doing what they have seemingly done before. And that is watch at the back window, as their folks have a romp in the bedroom. The girls then proceed to seduce a rather mentally slow farm hand, as their curiosity outweighs reservation, and they let it all hang out (quite literally). Just an average day on the farm right? Not on this day. That's because soon, a black cloud comes over this peaceful ordinary day, in the form of three escaped convicts. The convicts: George, Butch, and Pat take shelter at the farm house, and soon take the family hostage, forcing them to endure several unspeakable acts of sex and violence. Who could have imagined that a peaceful day could end up like this?

With the release of the Wes Craven and Sean S. Cunningham, Horror picture, THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, just about everyone was looking to replicate its success, as well as its effectiveness. Adult films were not excluded in this. Zebedy Colt's FARMER'S DAUGHTERS was one such film. It is a film that initially feels





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